THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CVIII.—No. 1409

DECEMBER 17, 1930

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the BYSTANDER

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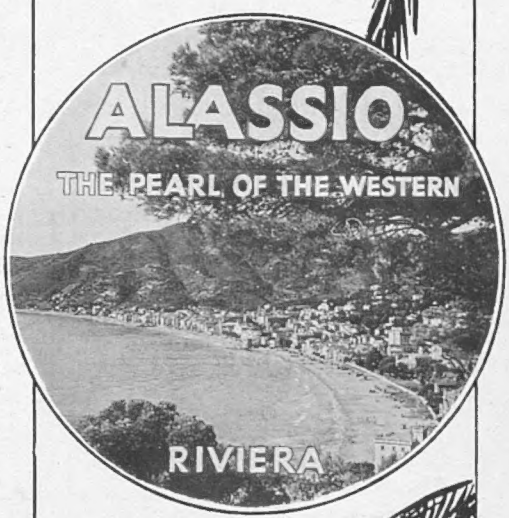

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Alassio must be explored as well—that resort which has justly achieved the proud designation of "the most beautiful corner of the Western Riviera."

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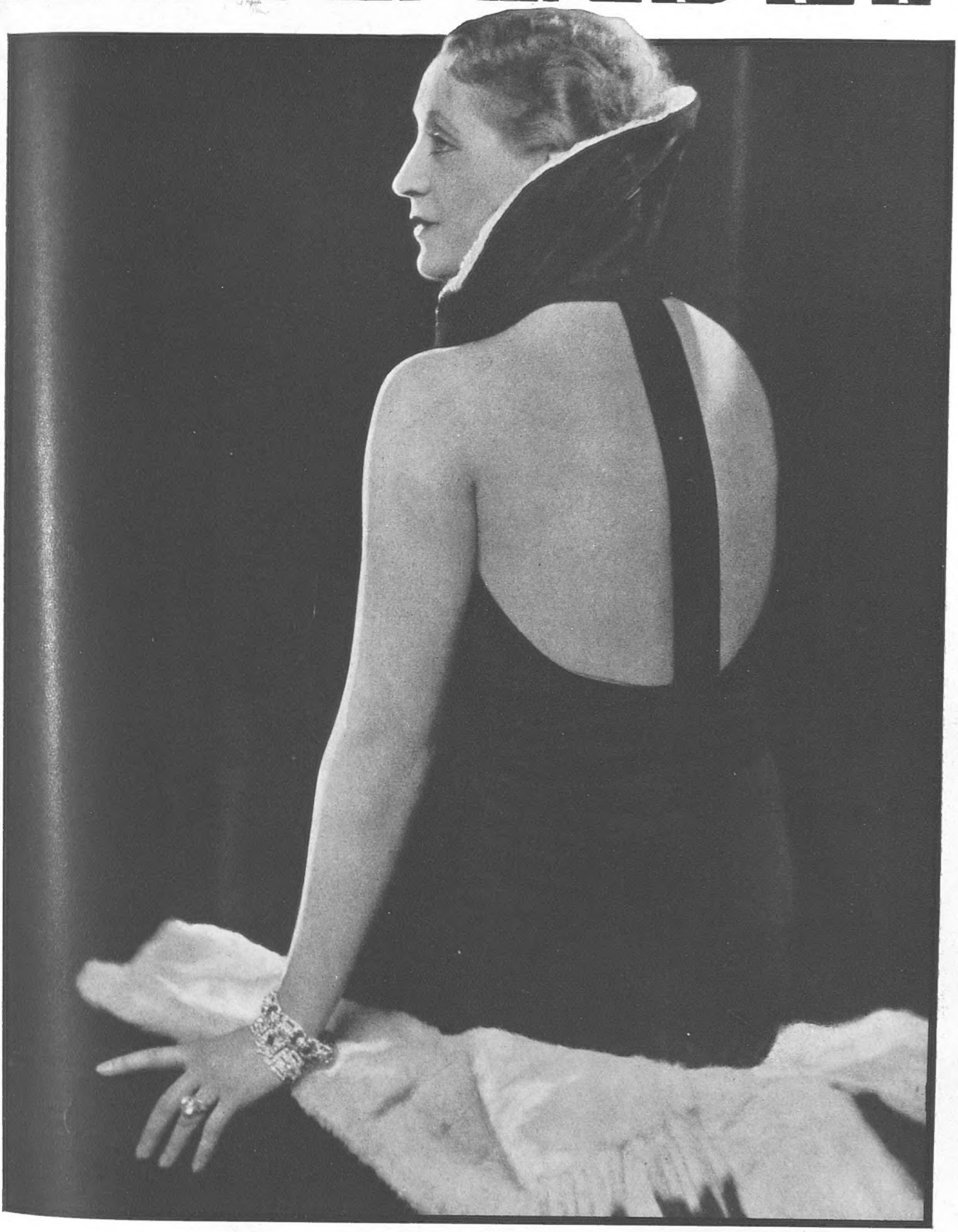
The Bystander, December 17, 1930

the BYSTANDER

No. 1409. Vol. CVIII



Dorothy Wilding

BINNIE HALE

A new portrait of the clever young actress in one of the dresses she wears in "Nippy," at the Prince Edward Theatre. Much of the great success of this British musical comedy is due to her good work

Photographs *G.P.A.*

SAVING AN HISTORIC LANDMARK

A general view of the ruins of Porchester Castle, overlooking Portsmouth Harbour, one of the most famous of our ancient buildings. Occupying a site that has been a fortress for many thousands of years it is steeped in historical interest and has been the centre of many important events throughout its many years. It is now to be preserved as an ancient monument. Inset is seen the keep, on which preservation has already begun

The Passing Hour

Mrs. Douglas Cory-Wright as a "Victorian Angel" in the Pageant of a Thousand and One Lights, an outstanding feature of the Eclipse Ball. It takes place to-day, December 17, at the Hyde Park Hotel

Miss Margaret Wigham as she will appear as "Sunset" in the Pageant of a Thousand and One Lights at the Eclipse Ball to-night

Central News

Keystone

WILL Sir Oswald Mosley be the next Socialist Leader? He is certainly making a bid for it, and it looks as though either he or Mr. Philip Snowden will fill the rôle. Both men, oddly enough, limp. Sir Oswald has a bad leg, sustained, it is said, as the result of a rag at Woolwich. Mr. Philip Snowden has been in physical pain for years. Their enemies say that in each case their misfortune has been the cause both of souring them and bringing them to the front.

HISTORY can furnish many similar examples. The most famous are Lord Byron and the Kaiser. Lord Byron, one may be sure, would not have been such a Don Juan if his club-foot had not made him over-anxious to prove to himself that he was attractive to women. The Kaiser's withered arm made him all the more eager to rattle the sabre with the other. There is a great deal of psychology to be watched where a physical disability is concerned.

READERS of THE BYSTANDER in the provinces will be interested to hear that Maurice Chevalier is to visit Liverpool, Manchester, Bristol, Leicester, Brighton, and Newcastle during his lightning tour in the New Year. His visit to Newcastle is actuated solely by a wish to gratify Ronald Kennedy, the Durham schoolmaster who taught him English in Germany. To make an appearance there he will have to travel all night to catch the boat from Plymouth.

DURING his visit here he has received any number of invitations to supper parties. On three consecutive evenings the Embassy Club expected to receive him as a guest. Lord Castlerosse promised to produce him. And so did Borotra. I forget who the third would-be host or hostess was. But each time he failed to appear. He did turn up, however, at the Café de Paris last week, where Jean Barry and Dave Fitzgibbon are packing the place to the doors with their astonishingly daring and clever dances.

IN Chevalier's opinion there are at least three American comedians who would be a sensational success if they came to London. They are Eddie Cantor, Ed. Wynne, and Bert Lyon. I have seen Eddie Cantor in "Whoopee," but the others I do not recall having seen. Chevalier has now left for a well-deserved holiday of five days' duration at Cannes. His wrist aches with signing autographs, and his throat with the London fog. But he has made £10,000 in a fortnight, and most people would undergo a few aches for that.

CANNES and Monte Carlo both figure in the just-published "Indiscretions" of Lady McCarthy, so well known in the Casino city, who is

REVELATIONS AND THE RIVIERA

MISS PAMELA BOWES-LYON

The only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. Malcolm and Mrs. Bowes-Lyon, whose engagement to Lord Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton, R.A.F., the third son of the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon, was announced recently. She is a cousin of the Duchess of York

nothing if not self-revealing. "I made friends," she writes, "with the whimsical, clever Hadja Nestorovitch, a Serbian. With him was a very gay Italian boy. He possessed five Christian names. I asked him one day which among his many names was the right one.

"'Gigi,' he said, so Gigi he has remained to this day; a merry companion, a wonderful dancer, chic as well as very good-looking. He lost a fortune, sold his Fiat, went back at once with the proceeds, and lost that too. Naturally after that I had to carry him along a bit. Hadja and Gigi were the happiest remembrances of that year, although they were very expensive."

LADY McCARTHY also says that she met Anton Dolin, the famous dancer. She describes him as a very good-looking and charming boy. Their first encounter was in the lift of the Hotel de Paris, where Dolin said to her: "I have made friends with your beautiful little dogs. I see them every morning with your maid." Later they became great friends.

When Frank Harris, who ought to know, read these "Indiscretions" he chuckled and said, "Excellent. They live

Capt. and Mrs. Robin Humphries and Capt. Jolly at supper at the Kit-Cat, where the accompanying three photographs were taken

CELEBRITIES CAUGHT

Photographs

Miss Ada May, one of the stars in the C. B. Cochran Revue which recently concluded a long run at the London Pavilion, chatting with Miss Rosie Dolly—one of the famous Dolly Sisters

The Marquess of Donegall rehearsing a scene for the Pageant of Famous Trains, the outstanding feature of the Railway Ball held at Covent Garden last Thursday in aid of the Kensington, Fulham and Chelsea General Hospital. Seen above are Mrs. Kempster (left), the Marchese Malacrida, the Hon. Mrs. Evan Morgan, Mrs. A. C. McCorquodale and Miss Betty Hulton—L.N.A.

—the hardest thing in the world to make words do." He is not far wrong.

THE Riviera is again in the limelight with the charges of crooked gambling levelled at the Casinos of Nice and Juan-les-Pins by a local editor-proprietor anxious to increase the circulation of his paper. This is so ridiculous that it is really funny. The one blessing of the otherwise cursed game chemin-de-fer is that it does not do any good to fake the cards in the shoe. If you suspect that

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THE EARL OF BRADFORD'S SHOOT

Members of the shoot given by the Earl of Bradford at Weston Hall, Shifnal. In the group are the Earl and Countess of Cavan, the Hon. Guy Wilson, Major and Mrs. Crossley, Lady Betty Butler, Lord Mountgarret, Mr. and Mrs. Vere Chaplin, Lord William Scott and General Grant, and the host and hostess, the Earl of Bradford, who is seen on the extreme right, and the Countess of Bradford

Lord Stafford waiting for the birds to come over at the shoot given by the Earl of Bradford at Weston Hall, Shifnal

Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Warrender, Lord and Lady Carnarvon, Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Tree, and Lady Wodehouse, were among the guests. Yet another party was the one given at St. James's Palace by Mr. Gaspar Ponsonby, the son of the King's Comptroller. Sir John Milbanke, who has only a slight scar on his temple to show for his accident, was one of the guests.

S

IN the caption to the photograph headed "Mrs. R. P. Freeman-Taylor," which appeared in our issue of December 10, it was stated that her wedding took place on December 6 at All Souls, Ennismore Gardens, to Mr. R. P. Freeman-Taylor. This was incorrect, as the lady in question, Miss Leonora Williamson, is not yet married, the date fixed for the ceremony at the above-named church being January 6, not December 6. The reception following the wedding, at which she will be given away by her step-father, Mr. E. T. Scarisbrick, will be held at the Hyde Park Hotel.

Madame Dresselhuys

In our issue of the 3rd inst. we alluded to Madame Dresselhuys and stated that her marriage was "secretly and quickly dissolved." We very much regret having made this statement, which was based upon information supplied to us and which we now find was entirely unjustified. The proceedings by Madame Dresselhuys for divorce were taken in Holland, that being the only country which had jurisdiction, since her husband is a Dutch subject and domiciled in Holland, and the proceedings were in accordance with the normal procedure there. We understand that the rumour to which we gave currency, that she was about to marry a baronet, is untrue. We desire to offer our sincere apologies to Madame Dresselhuys for any annoyance we may have caused her by the paragraph in question

Photographs P. & A.

Lord William Montagu-Douglas-Scott in action at the Earl of Bradford's shoot. He is the third son of the Duke of Buccleuch

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

PRIMROSE KNIGHT was a game loser at Sandown. Two miles 'chase. Was second to the smart Moral. Jumped last obstacle together. Was quietly supported in the market.

BICESTER. Covered a three miles chase without putting a foot wrong, but failed to resist challenge of consistent Wise Don. Was confidently supported.

KILRECKLE will win a long distance hurdle race soon.

DALLASPORT graduated from Hunter 'Chases and was in great form over three miles and five furlongs at Sandown. Ran Gib to a short head. Will pay to follow.

PRINCE CHERRY was first over the last hurdle but could not hold off the consistent Prospice. Was placed in his last two races.

CLOTH OF GOLD was placed in a two miles Hurdle Race at Sandown, and should be confidently supported for further races.

CATHOLIC PRELATES AND PEERS:

A group photographed at the dinner in celebration of the seventieth birthday of "The Universe." Seen on right are the French Ambassador (left), the Spanish Ambassador, Mr Williams, Cardinal Bourne, Count John McCormack, Sir Martin Melvin, the proprietor of "The Universe" and the Archbishop of Cardiff

Lord Feilding (left), the Bishop of Northampton and Lord Russell of Killowen intent on the study of the programme

THE Archbishop of Liverpool (Dr. R. Downey) proposed the toast, "Many Happy Returns," in an amusing and witty speech, in the course of which he recounted some of the difficulties experienced in the paper's early days, when "the printers were exhorted to have faith, the staff lived on hope, and the public were appealed to for charity," and alluded to *The Universe* of to-day as "a frolicsome young thing at seventy," and mentioned that the weekly circulation had risen from under 8,000 copies in 1917 to over 108,000 to-day.

The Archbishop of Liverpool and the Duke of Marlborough photographed during the dinner

"The Universe" Birthday Banquet

TO celebrate the seventieth birthday of the famous Catholic weekly newspaper, *The Universe*, Sir Martin Melvin, the proprietor, gave a banquet last Thursday at Stationers' Hall. Cardinal Bourne presided over the gathering, which included six Ambassadors, three Catholic Archbishops, and many other ecclesiastical dignitaries, and read a telegram of good wishes from His Holiness the Pope.

Cardinal Bourne (left) and the Archbishop of

"YOUR EMINENCE, YOUR GRACES, YOUR EXCELLENCIES AND MY LORDS"

Distinguished foreign visitors including the Portuguese Ambassador, General Garcia Rosado (second from left), the Brazilian Ambassador, Signor Raul Régis de Oliveira, the French Ambassador, M. A. de Fleuriau, and the Spanish Ambassador, the Marquis Merry del Val

SPEAKING of the proprietor, who later responded to the toast, the Archbishop said he understood that in Birmingham, of which city Sir Martin was a native, they had added a new article to the creed: "I believe in Sir Martin Melvin, who made the 'Universe.'" The Spanish Ambassador supported the toast, and the toast of "The Chairman" was proposed by Lord Howard of Penrith.

DURING the evening Count John McCormack sang a group of songs; and other notable guests included the Duke of Norfolk, the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Eustace Percy, Lord FitzAlan of Derwent, Lord Dormer, Lord Denbigh, Lord Camrose, Sir Austen Chamberlain, the Spanish, French, Brazilian, Portuguese, Italian, Polish, and Chilian Ambassadors and the Hungarian, Austrian and Bolivian Ministers.

guests—or the dinner—at Stationers' Hall

TOP TABLE CELEBRITIES

Some of the distinguished guests at "The Universe" dinner at Stationers' Hall. From right to left are seen Cardinal Bourne, who presided, the Spanish Ambassador, the Brazilian Ambassador, Sir Austen Chamberlain and the Italian Ambassador

The Archbishop of Liverpool signing the Guest Book at Stationers' Hall. He made a clever and witty speech in wishing "The Universe" many happy returns

Photographs by Sasha

CHRISTMAS CHEER
in London's Restaurants

CHRISTMAS is almost upon us again—the period of Good Cheer. What are you doing about it? The old age of an overworked cook, a heavy meal and forced entertainments after is passing, if it has not already passed. In recent years we have learnt more than ever the Continental plan of using our best restaurants, and, indeed, are beating our Continental friends at their own game. There is every sign this Christmas that the hotels and restaurants will be crowded with diners out.

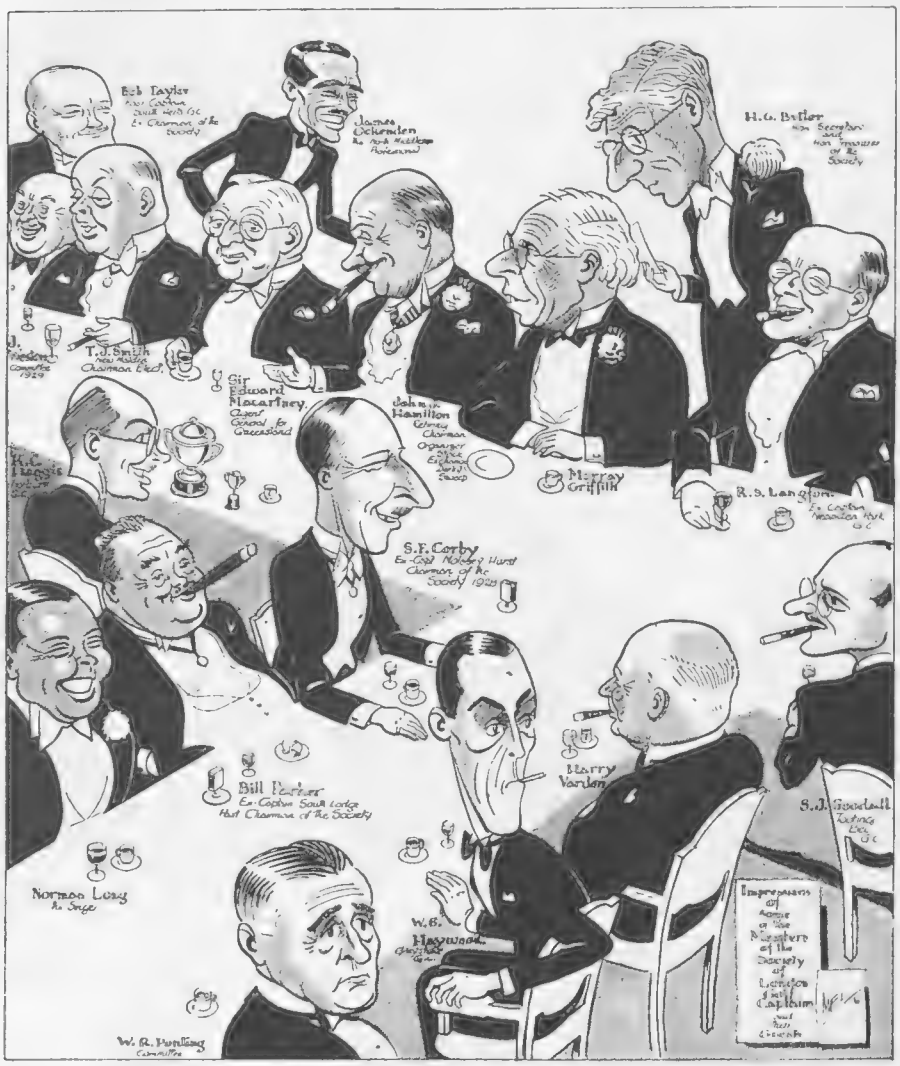
THE problem, then, is where to dine. Let me take them alphabetically. The Café Anglais, in Leicester Square, is putting on a special dinner or supper at 21s., with dancing, of course, and an entertainment by Douglas Byng. For those who do not care for dancing and a jazz band there is Bellometti's, 27, Soho Square, which is in a sense a home from home. Its cuisine is equal to the best in London, its prices reasonable, and you will be able to dine cheerily.

THEN there is Grosvenor House with its festivities. On Christmas Night they are providing a Yuletide dinner in the restaurant at 25s., with dancing to Jack Harris's band, and the famous Giovanni, "pickpocket" conjuror. There is a gala dinner and dance on Boxing Night at 21s., and a very special New Year's Eve celebration dinner and dance at 50s., when Anton Dolin and Anna Ludmilla will appear. The Piccadilly Hotel will be running a Christmas gala dinner where each party will have its own Christmas tree and crackers, and novelties and souvenirs will be presented during the evening. Dancing in the restaurant and grill room will go on to extended hours. Boxing Day arrangements are very similar, and on New Year's Eve novelties and gifts will be presented to the ladies, and elaborate arrangements have been made for special cabaret. The price for Christmas Day is 30s., Boxing Night 21s., and New Year's Eve 45s. Restaurant and 40s. Grill Room. The general manager, Zangiacomi will give his guests his personal attention.

AT the May Fair Hotel a Christmas Day gala dinner and dance, including presents for the ladies, will be served at 30s., on Boxing Day the gala dinner-dance, with presents for ladies and an entertainment, will be priced at 25s., while the New Year's Eve dinner with dancing, a special cabaret and presents, will cost 63s. At the Motel Metropole the festivities include a Christmas Day gala dinner and dance at, with presents for the ladies, 21s., and similar arrangements exist at the Hotel Victoria. Both these hotels have arranged a New Year's Eve gala dinner and dance at 35s., when all the ladies will receive presents.

THE Cosmo Club, 33, Wardour Street, is another very cheery and Bohemian resort which always contrives under the clever management of Mrs. Guckian, to get the most original cabaret turns, while the club's dance orchestra is ultra modern and smart. There is a gala night on Boxing Night price 7s. 6d., evening dress being optional. On New Year's Eve another special gala dinner, price 21s. Any readers not members of the Cosmo Club who wish to book tables and take parties should apply to the manager for admission by ticket.

SOME of our readers may prefer to be out of town for Christmas, in which case nothing could be more suitable for a real old-fashioned Christmas than the Stoke Court Country Club, within easy reach of many golf courses, including Stoke Poges. The club has a magnificent programme from Saturday, December 20th, to New Year's Eve Ball, with Gerald Moore and his Orchestra. On New Year's Eve there is a special dinner and entertainment at 10s. 6d. inclusive, and Christmas dinner is 10s. 6d. On Boxing Day there is a fancy dress dinner and dance until 2 a.m. with special prizes, the price being 21s. inclusive. Our readers who wish to make early reservations for tables and accommodation should apply to the Secretary, telephone Farnham Common, 222, mentioning THE BYSTANDER, when every facility will be granted.



The seventh annual dinner of the Society of London Golf Captains was held at the Trocadero on December 6, and proved a most cheery affair. Among those present were Sir Edward Macartney, Agent General for Queensland, Mr. John Weston, who started the Boys' Golf Championship, and the ever-green Harry Vardon, and Mr. John J. Hamilton, one of the organisers of the Stock Exchange Derby Sweep for charity. Mr. S. F. Corby, M.C., has retired from the post of Hon. Secretary, which he has held since the start of the society

"'SOPH, OLD GIRL,' SAYS I TO MYSELF"

An impression by Hynes of the inimitable Sophie Tucker in her cabaret turn

AT THE PLAY

COCHRAN, CRIME AND

"WONDER BAR," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE

Joseph Greenwald as Sam Wonder, the cabaret king, who appears on and off the stage

"Ever Green," at the Adelphi Theatre

I HAVE heard complaint made that the price charged for stalls—which do not provide too much leg-room—at the New Adelphi Theatre is too high. Sixteen shillings is the sum demanded, which is, of course, in excess of usual West End prices, but, personally, I cannot see why a manager should not ask a bigger sum than is usual for an entertainment which is produced on such a vast and expensive scale as *Ever Green*. One might just as well grumble because a grand piano cannot be purchased at Woolworth's for sixpence!

FOR *Ever Green* is a musical show quite out of the ordinary. True, it possesses a plot of amazing imbecility, and one at which the imagination boggles, but putting this on one side, as is perpetually done in the show itself, there remains a production which delights both ear and eye.

ASSUREDLY Manager C. B. Cochran has beaten his own record. Never have I seen more beautiful stage pictures, more beautiful grouping, or more beautiful dresses. The whole effect is better than dazzling. It is artistically satisfying. The humour, too, struck me as being on a higher plane than is to be found in most musical shows, though there may be criticism directed at one of the comedy scenes on the score of good taste.

ENTITLED "The New Master," this shows a Lancashire La-ad, wishing to see the sights of Paris, visiting a girls' school in mistake for another sort of establishment. My mind being absolutely pure, I am of the opinion—I may be wrong—that the establishment of another sort he wished to visit was a museum, and that he was disappointed at only finding schoolgirls who had not yet become mummies!

THIS Lancashire La-ad is played by a comedian, Albert Burdon, a miniature Sidney Howard, new to London, and, unlike some comedians, he is really funny. But the best piece of casting was the engagement of Jean Cadell, who, I believe, has not appeared previously in a musical show. Author Benn W. Levy has provided her with a real comedy—as distinct from musical comedy—part, and she has never been more amusing. Her platitudinous remarks, and her air of serene enjoyment in finding herself in a milieu as far removed from that of the boarding-house over which she presides as would be Billy Bennett in a Band of Hope meeting, was in the true spirit of the comic muse.

ONCE again, too, we see Mr. Cochran's Young Ladies (aided and abetted by the John Tiller Girls) not only dancing delightfully and carrying out intricate evolutions with a precision which would delight a drill sergeant, but also singing with a clarity of diction which is as pleasing as it is rare. Nor must the speciality dancing of Carlos Chita and Co. pass unrecorded. Many

The Love Interest. Carl Brisson, as a gigolo, secures a find in a "Pearl" (Dorothy Dickson), who owns an emerald and also a husband

COMEDY CABARET

By VERNON WOODHOUSE

SKETCHES OF "WONDER BAR," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE, BY H. H. HARRIS

a dancer previously has been thrown about a stage, but not one with the abandon and grace of Chita, a sylph-like little person whose life constantly appears in danger.

S

SONNIE HALE, whose singing has greatly improved, and Jessie Matthews, with wide-eyed innocence and lisping lips, provide love interest, while it was a treat to see that admirable French comedian, Leon Morton, dispensing humour with a lift of an eyebrow and speech with a pair of hands of surprising eloquence.

"Wonder Bar," at the Savoy Theatre

ONCE again the question will be raised, by the production of *Wonder Bar* at the Savoy Theatre, whether the proper place for actors and actresses to "do their little bit" effectively is not behind the footlights rather than mixing with the audience by using the auditorium as well.

S

IN this cabaret-cum-play show, which has made a big success on the Continent, the mixing goes to greater lengths than ever before. Stage and auditorium are practically unified, and sitting in a stall one does not know if a next-door neighbour has paid for it or whether he is paid by the management and will join in the proceedings at any moment.

S

I THINK, however, that the novelty of the idea carried to such lengths will attract the public, even though the story, dealing with a gigolo who seeks the emerald necklace rather than the love of a married woman, is constantly brought to a halt in order to preserve the illusion of the cabaret business. But as the plot is of little consequence and the side show everything, this is no bar—not even a cocktail bar, so prominent in the setting—to its success.

S

CARL BRISSON and Dorothy Dickson have most to do with the story as gigolo and married woman, the latter being restored in the end to the arms of Cecil Parker as a most complacent and forgiving husband. Joseph Greenwald, the proprietor of the cabaret, is an admirable link binding together the two forms of entertainment, while the cabaret turns include Gwen Farrar and Norah Blaney on familiar lines, and Ethel Baird, who makes even the tragic theme of a dying flamingo something to smile at in terms of Terpsichore.

Elsie Randolph "turning night into day"

"Twelve Hours," at the Comedy Theatre

I HAVE left myself very little room to say anything about John Willard's *Twelve Hours* at the Comedy, which is really rather difficult to label. The author so palpably plays for the laugh in the intervals of murder, which are few, that some of the audience on the first night did not know how to take it.

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PERSONALLY, I think that if the production were altered a little this would be one of the best burlesques of a thriller—with a real thrill thrown in once or twice—which has ever been written, but when I saw this play it fell between two stools.

S

MARTITA HUNT, however, had no doubt on which stool to sit, and her performance as an amoreuse with Spanish blood was played with exuberant extravagance. Some effective work was put in by Charles Quartermaine, Charles Carson, Phyllis Thomas and Jessie Winter, but, as Eric Maturin was in the cast, it was obvious who did the dirty work from the start. It is only a Somerset Maugham who would cast such an appealing actress as Mary Jerrold for the part of a murderess to put an audience off the scent.

V. W.

Gwen Farrar, who has nothing to do with the plot, but much to do with the cabaret

PLAYS TO SEE

FOR HEARTY LAUGHTER,
IT'S A BOY, at the Strand.

FOR HISTORICAL INTEREST,
THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET, at the Queen's.

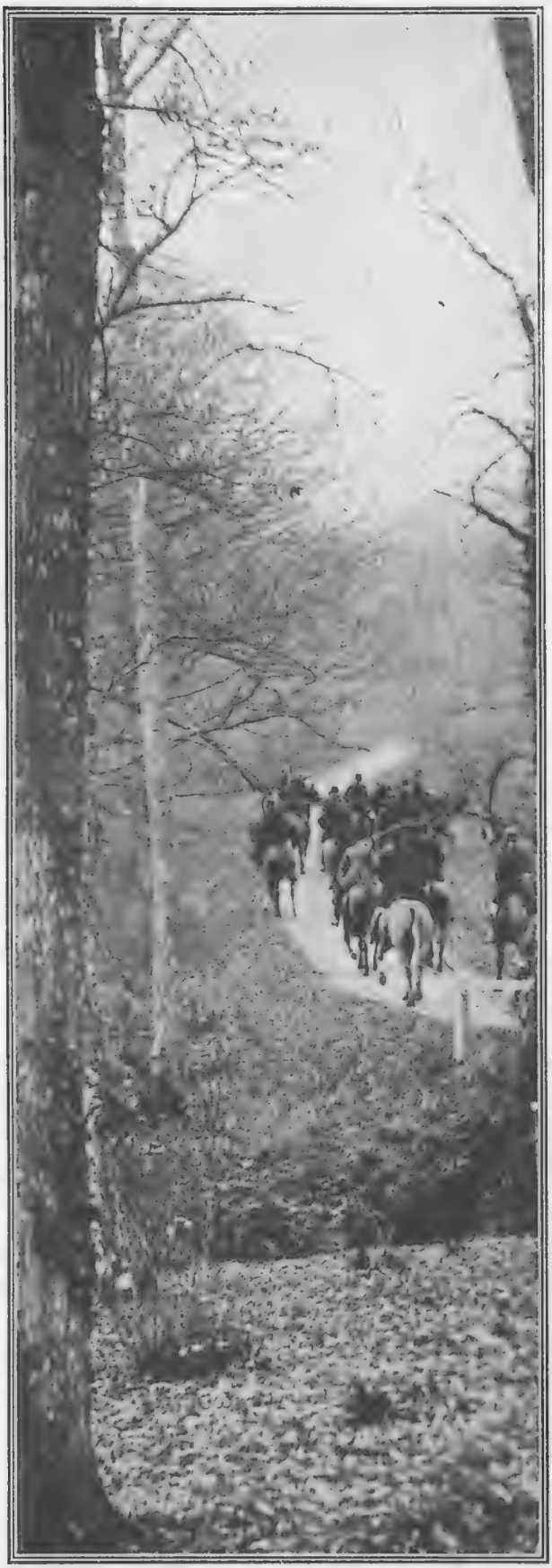
FOR CYNICAL SMILES,
THE BREADWINNER, at the Vaudeville.

FOR COLD SHUDDERS,
ON THE SPOT, at the Cambridge.

FOR POLISHED PERSIFLAGE,
PRIVATE LIVES, at the Phœnix.

FOR MEMORIES AND MELODY,
BITTER SWEET, at His Majesty's.

IN PURSUIT OF REYNARD: CAMER



News Illustrations

A MEET IN SURREY

The Chiddingfold moving to a covert near Plaistow after the meet at White Beeches. The Joint-Masters of this popular hunt are Messrs. F. T. Barlow and J. H. Naumann

News Illustr

IN FULL CRY

Major W. H. Taylor, the Joint-Master of the Croome, galloping after hounds when had broken covert during a run following the meet at Wheelbarrow Castle, near Al

WITH THE QUORN

Two fair followers of the Quorn, Miss Marjorie Leigh and Miss Ulrica Thynne, are seen at the meet of this famous Leicestershire hunt, which was held at Ke

"...ILLS" IN THE HUNTING FIELD

Topical

REYNARD CALLS A HALT

...kes to a drain in Elvetham Park during a run of the Garth. The preceding meet took place at Elvetham Hall, near Fleet

L.N.A

A YOUTHFUL DIANA

...Vane-Tempest-Stewart at a meet of the Cottesmore at Somerby, near Oakham. ...is the youngest daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry

Central Press

IN GLORIOUS DEVON

The field moving off down a South Devon lane after a meet of the Dartmoor Foxhounds. Commander C. H. Davey, O.B.E., R.N., is the Master

PARIS GOSSIP

RUSSIAN ROYALTIES and FRENCH COMMUNISTS

By SYLVIA LYON

The Grand Duke Cyril of Russia and members of the Imperial Family at the reception at the Salle d'Ièna

THE greatest White Russian celebration for ever so long was held in Paris this year in honour of the twenty-fifth wedding anniversary of the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Cyril of Russia, who came to town for a few days from their place at St. Briac. Their son, the thirteen-year-old Vladimir, was with them, and Princesse Nicholas of Greece, the Grand Duchesse Hélène of Russia, the Grand Duke Andrew of Russia, and several other members of the Imperial family, received thousands of their compatriots at a reception at the Salle d'Ièna. The same week a great meeting of former officers and soldiers was held in the forest of Fontainebleau.

THESE activities are not interfered with in any way by the French Government, which leads to different conclusions. For example, many people were astonished at the presence of the ex-King of Wurtemburg at the recent German military manœuvres. The presence of members of the German and Prussian Royal families in their own country leaves evidently nothing to be feared. On the other hand, the French viewpoint is quite different. The Princesse Françoise de France, who is married to Prince Christopher of Greece, lately lamented the fact, to a friend of mine, that her father, the Duc de Guise, who is the French Pretender, is not allowed to live in France.

"You should not grieve about that," said my friend, "you should be proud of it. That shows your father is important, that his presence in France would cause an effect on the people, just as the presence of German royalties is simply ignored by the German public. In Germany Monarchy has simply disappeared. In France it still exists."

THE communists are getting active again. Cachin, the Deputy from one of the most chic communist centres, is paying a round of visits in Russia. A parlour communist recently said to me, "In America the people have physical liberty and no mental liberty. In Russia they have no physical liberty but complete mental liberty."

"Oh, I see," I said, "in America they say, 'Let's go and have a drink,' and in Russia they say, 'Let's go out and have a think.'"

As for physical liberty, it is news to me that they have it in America; you should ask any Frenchman about *that*.

BUT really and truly, the French communists are becoming annoying. At a meeting of the Conseil Municipal, it was suggested that a part of the Avenue des Champs Elysées be re-named after Clemenceau, and a large sum devoted to erecting a statue in his memory at the Rond Point. The communists all howled together, saying this and that about Clemenceau; that if there is another war they won't fight, and other noble and patriotic things, until M. Jean de Castellance politely told them to keep quiet, which they did. It is now agreed that the Avenue de Champs Elysées will retain its name, but the Rond Point will be called "Place Georges Clemenceau," and the necessary money was voted for the statue. All I hope now is that they engage a good sculptor to execute it.

Planet News

SKATING IN FULL SWING AT DAVOS

Fräulein Hornung, the Viennese skater. She is seen giving a display on a rink at Davos, where the weather prospects certainly give no cause for alarm

MINIATURE golf is catching on all over Paris, the most chic place being the "Pee Wee Golf" in the Avenue Wagram; the old Hermitage in the Champs Elysées has been turned into a cinema, and that is where "All Quiet on the Western Front" is running. There is again an inexplicable picture running at the Studio 8, in spite of Robert de Rothschild's attempting to explain its meaning to his guests; and when Lady Inverclyde entered Scheherazade the other night, the entertainer called out, "I like the moon, but I prefer June." And that is all for this week. SYLVIA LYON.

"WHY do you call Jones the happiest man you have ever known?"

"He's got a wife and a cigarette lighter, and they both work!"

MONEY won't buy everything unless you have a lot of it.

BY STARR WOOD

FIELD WORKER: "*You nearly 'it us with that gun. Don't you know anything about shooting?*"
SPORTSMAN: "*What is it you wish to know?*"

If Gossip We Must.

VESTA SYLVA

The attractive young actress who plays one of the leading parts in "It's a Boy." This amusing farce is still going great guns at the Strand Theatre, where "House Full" boards are the order of the day—and night

Janet Jevons

I DO not pretend to keep pace with the official labels and divisions of social London. It is implied by those in the know that the Little Season is on the wane, that it has been good fun, though not so grand as the Grand Season, which in turn has less spring about it than the Spring Season. To people whose feet one can hear pattering up the rungs of the social ladder this is all as clear as daylight. To me it is as mysterious as the theories of Einstein, but much funnier. What does strike me about these pre-Christmas weeks is that it is good to be in London, which in some amazing way seems to survive every attempt to depress it. Where, for instance, is the glitter and excitement of an important theatrical première save in London? I have been to first nights in New York and to many a répétition générale in Paris. Not even iced water in cardboard cups can make the former amusing, while the Paris theatres are overheated and their patrons over-sexed.

C. B. COCHRAN is now doing what Irving used to do at the Lyceum and Alexander at the St. James's in the matter of attracting an interesting new gang to help to launch his ventures. Fresh blood has been added to the usual gathering of friends of the players, critics, and ticket-agents. He has added some bright companions to the rather stuffy enthusiasts who have attended every first night for years as a matter of course, and who imagine that only by such means they can be considered dans le mouvement. There is quite an electric air about such functions as the first night of *Ever Green*, from the flashes of the photographers in the foyer to the struggle for cars and taxis at the curtain-fall. *Ever Green* is a gorgeous affair, anyway; an expert colleague tells you more about it. If you like a lot of metal and glass you will like the new Adelphi Theatre; I would sooner keep such things for the ball-room.

WHAT, precisely, is the reason for rebuilding this historic theatre like a geometrical problem with all the curves left out? Is it because Mr. Cochran's young ladies come to the rescue by providing curves on their own account? We certainly saw enough of these comely lines fresh from Glasgow's blessing. I wonder whether a theatre that looks like a theatre and not like a Berlin night club will ever be built in London again? There was more charm about those theatres which broke every canon of the New Art by having red curtains in the boxes and gilded cupids blowing trumpets, and a lady with a lyre over the proscenium arch, and even a pit with an honest smell of oranges

By BERTRAM PRANCE

"I've *ever* so much to tell you, Dicky. Let's go to a theatre, or somewhere!"

Stage Photo Co.

IVY TRESMAND

Who stars in "Little Tommy Tucker," the musical play now running at Daly's Theatre. Gene Gerrard is the chief fun-maker in this new musical comedy, which is proving very much to the public taste

about it. Most of them were no less comfortable, and they were filled by real enthusiasts.

THE theatre in London seems to survive and flourish. "Talkies" are not killing it, and never will kill it. Freddie Lonsdale says he will never write for the stage any more, and if all dramatists of the first water were to follow his example the blow would be a serious one. But I am hoping that Freddie, who is a confirmed leg-puller, was talking with his clever tongue well planted in his cheek. He cannot really mean that a film play must be superior to an ordinary play because it may have thirty acts (or, for that matter, three hundred) instead of three or four, and because there are no limits to the possibilities of its realism. I have no grudge against the "Talkies," but it is the very fact that every tiny episode, from a railway smash to the threading of a needle, is illustrated that constitutes a drawback. It makes the story move so dreadfully slowly when the heroine cannot go to bed unless one is shown a "close-up" of her feet on the staircase.

THE Christmas spirit of goodwill is possessed, full measure, pressed down, and brimming over, by Mr. Arthur Henderson. That is all very well up to a point. But I wish he would not let it brim over quite so much in the direction of Russia. The Moscow broadcast, he says with lofty indifference, he did not hear because he was better employed at the time, though this does not prevent his firm opinion that it was "not an incitement to revolution."

BUT there are millions of people in England, some even better employed than Mr. Henderson, and some—and this is the danger spot—not employed at all, who *did* hear that speech. Not only was it as full of the word b——y as one of those "powerful" plays by Mr. Eugene O'Neill; it contained the infamous lie that capitalists are waging war on workers, and it contained also an invitation to British workers to join hands with "the well-equipped Soviet army."

SO Mr. Henderson once more "approaches" the Soviet Government. As usual, he approaches it on all fours, and through our Ambassador there is to be a mild protest. "Jix" had a more effective way. To "protest" to the relentless fiends of Bolshevism is about as much use as politely telling a raging tiger not to attack you because it is bad form. Short of war, there is only one method of stopping such attacks—by bundling out of this country all the revolutionary emissaries posing as members of Soviet trading organisations, and thus making Moscow realise that her attacks *do not pay*.

I ALWAYS judged the measure of the justness of Lord Brentford's methods of handling Bolshy propaganda by the violence of the *Daily Herald's* attacks on him. But in the matter of the wireless propaganda even the *Daily Herald* utters what it calls "A Word to Moscow." True, it lies down flat on its stomach to utter that word, but it does utter it. It hopes that the Soviet Government will take "very seriously" our diplomatic representations. It also hopes that the Bolshies will not fall back on the excuse that the wireless message in question was written by a private citizen (of course it was), since such an argument would be "unworthy of the Government of a Great Power"—capital letters and all.

Central News

Herbert Sutcliffe and Jack Hobbs, now playing cricket in India as the guests of notable native rulers, have been getting in a lot of big game shooting in their spare time. The former is seen in the photograph, taken by Jack Hobbs, with a fine panther he bagged at a shoot near Benares

THIS little tit-bit reminds me of a beauteous young star of the revue world who owns a couple of wildly disobedient Sealyhams. When one of them behaves in a particularly obnoxious fashion—which happens a dozen times every hour they are awake—she gives it a kiss and says in cooing tones: "If my darling doesn't behave I shall have to buy a whip!"

S

AS long as the Government remain in office we may expect the Bolshevists to be regarded as a Great Power and treated with timorous deference accordingly. Another of the fruits of a Socialist Cabinet being, by grace of Mr. Lloyd George and his new bargain, permitted to continue to draw their salaries, is an indefinite postponement of the time when business confidence will be restored, and the country placed, commercially, on the road to prosperity again.

Marjorie Mars, who is scoring a big success in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" at the Queen's Theatre. She is seen in the striking headdress she will wear at the Chelsea Arts Ball on New Year's Eve

Photopress

Ilse Bois, the clever young German star, photographed at Victoria on her arrival in London to start a season at the Coliseum. She specialises in burlesques and imitations of well-known players

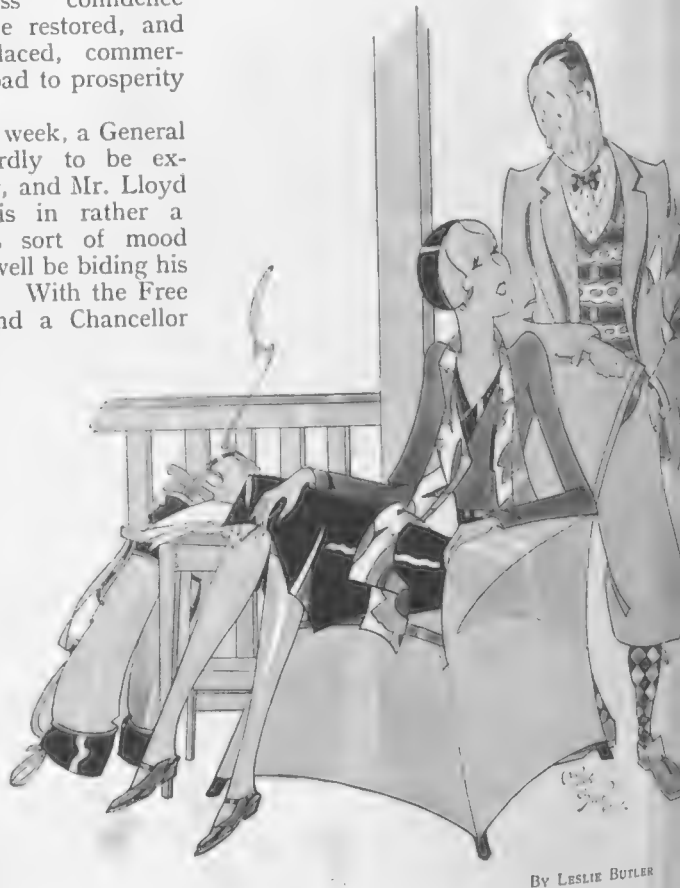
As I said last week, a General Election is hardly to be expected this year, and Mr. Lloyd George, who is in rather a Pisgah Heights sort of mood just now, may well be biding his time until 1932. With the Free Trade fetish and a Chancellor of the Exchequer who doesn't like thrift, and regards capital as something essentially evil, what chance is there of any real trade revival? Everyone is apprehensive. No one knows quite what is going to happen.

S

THE only silver lining to this heavy black cloud is furnished by Sir John Simon, who is splitting away from the Libs. because they are too fond of the Labs., and by the younger Labs. because they consider the Socialist party not socialistic enough. Young Oliver Baldwin, James Maxton and Sir Oswald Mosley have precious little in common except a strong disposition to disagree with Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. And that fellow feeling makes them the very reverse of wondrous kind to the P.M. Moreover, that same sort of feeling exists, in varying degrees of strength, from Land's End to Lossiemouth.

S

LONDON'S taxis in almost every way are growing better and better. There are some nice blue ones about now which glide along swiftly and silently, and are so comfortable that they almost make waiting in a traffic block a pleasure. Windows move up and down by means of a handle; there are electric lights inside; a clock that goes; a bunch of artificial flowers, and heaven knows what else. But not yet has anyone managed to devise a taxi door that will open from the inside without one kicking it or charging it



By Leslie Butler

"So you don't want to marry me, Betty?"
"That's different! You *said* something about being yours for ever!"

KEEPING IN TUNE

A fashion that has caught on in Society is to be photographed to a tune of one's own choice, and our poet offers a few entirely unsolicited suggestions in this respect.

JIM THOMAS might choose "Sonny Boy"
But since his humbug's not proved clever,
I somehow think he'd better hear
That song Canadians hold dear,
"The Maple Leaf for Ever";
Though Mr. Bennett might suggest
"Speak Only With Thine Eyes" would prove
the best!

To turn to folk theatrical,
Much-mobbed Chevalier would soon light
On some song soothing to his nerves.
The one I feel that he deserves
Is "Lonely in the Moonlight,"
Whilst Cochran doubtlessly would lean
Towards "The Wearing o' the Ever Green."

If Bernard Shaw was keen to give
The Stage Society his picture,
The tune he chose would surely be
That great hit "You Were Made for Me."
But he would add the stricture:
"Though you were made for me, it's true,
I certainly was never made for you!"

But if our Philip Snowden went
And told photographers to focus
Upon his features bright and gay,
He'd make his mind up right away
And stand no hocus-pocus,
But cry, "I want you now to play,
'The Absent-minded Beggar's' 'Pay! Pay!! Pay!!!'"

B. W.

with the expert skill of a Tottenham Hotspur centre-forward. If you get frantic with the damn thing the driver will not unnaturally complain that you are damaging his cab. If you do not, you will remain a prisoner and watch the threepences ticking up with what patience you can muster.

PERHAPS the Australian method is the best, even if it does not show that a high degree of honesty is expected from the public. When you take a taxi the driver locks you in. He unlocks the door when you have reached your destination, but not until you have handed him his fare through the window. Hardly a pretty plan. But it is necessary. And it works.

A FURTHER stage in the Americanisation of Merrie England is the growing use in the daily newspapers of the word "plan" as a verb. Often we find it nowadays as a substitute for the future tense. I can offer no logical reason why it should do so, but it gives me a twinge of annoyance when I read that the Prince of Wales "plans" to go to South America next year, or that Lady —— is "planning" to give a dance on Tuesday. Why not say "will" go to South America" or "will give a dance"? But, alas, England is now built "according to plan"—the American plan.

FIRST-NIGHT pittites, who, for some unknown reason, consider themselves to be the only folk who matter in the theatre, constantly give an example of bad manners. At the first night of *Twelve Hours*, at the Comedy Theatre, occupants at the back of the stalls were compelled to listen to loud and perpetual conversation from the pit while the play was in progress. A young man—whom I should hesitate to call a gentleman—and an obese female—whom I should equally hesitate to call a lady—were two of the worst offenders. Managers are always chary of having a scene in the theatre, but if an example were made of those who interrupt perpetually it might help to put an end to these intolerable nuisances.

MARGARET CAMPBELL

Who plays the name part in the new British musical comedy "Daphne." This play is now being tried out in the Provinces prior to its West End production

Photopress

Miss Burness, England's brilliant hockey half-back, is now working as a chauffeur for Mrs. Frank Worthington. The latter promoted the special matinée recently staged at the Cambridge Theatre in aid of the Royal Free Hospital

IN years gone by average pittites were students of the drama who loved the theatre. If they were disappointed they waited till the end to express disapproval, which was perfectly legitimate. If they were pleased they "signified the same in the usual manner." What they did *not* do was to make themselves a nuisance to their immediate neighbours.

"VIENNESE NIGHTS" AT

Vivienne Segal as Elsa, the daughter of a poor cobbler, agrees to brave the comments of Society by marrying the nobleman's young son. A scene from the film which will be shown at the Leicester Square Cinema when it opens on Friday next, December 19

MEMORIES OF BYGONE DAYS

Elsa, now an old lady, dreams of her youthful joys and sorrows. Vivienne Segal gives a clever performance in this part in "Viennese Nights"

Above: Mr. Alan Crosland, the director of "Viennese Nights," with Sid... was taken during the filming of this Warner Brothers all-colour talkie. Bebe... Fazenda, Bert R...

ONDON'S LATEST CINEMA

Like Elsa, her grandmother, Barbara (Alice Day) is prepared to defy the strict conventions of Viennese Society by marrying a man out of her own station. But in this case it is her suitor (Alexander Gray) who is the one who lacks wealth

Hammerstein 2nd and members of the company. The photograph wedry in the bier-garten, where, among others, are seen Louise Gray

"IF MUSIC BE THE FOOD OF LOVE, PLAY ON"
Elsa and her poor musician find solace in music. Another scene from the gay film chosen to open the new Leicester Cinema in Leicester Square on December 19

Stage Photo Co.

Iris Hoey, as The Woman, and George Barraud, as The Lover, in a somewhat startling scene from "The Queen Bee," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. This graveyard comedy has been successfully adapted from the French by José Levy, but it still remains very, very French

MONOLOGUE AT MONTE

HAROLD, *darling!* Fancy running against *you* in Monte. . . No, I suppose it's not really very strange, because you've got a villa or something near here, haven't you? But this is my first visit, and I'm just *too* thrilled for words. . . No, I'm stopping here alone. . . Yes, I know it sounds terribly risqué, but Mums was prevented from coming at the last minute. Well, it was her own fault; she *would* have some of those new leopard glands that everyone is raving about, but something went wrong somewhere, for she became a positive *peril* to men, my dear, and at the Trescovver's dinner last week she actually bit poor Archdeacon Thingumm in the throat *just* as he was dangling a stick of asparagus. Oh, yes, it was all hushed up, but the poor darling is cooling off in a refrigerator or something for a bit.

YES, I'm awfully glad to have met you because I don't know the *teeniest* thing about roulette, so you can grab us two seats at the table and teach me all about it and tell me who *all* the people are and who's living with who and everything. No, I know I promised Mums not to gamble, but Monte without roulette is as bad as cocktails without ice. In Rome do as Rome does? Yes, but what happens if Rome follows you back to Pont Street? What shall I do if I lose all my money? Well, I hadn't thought of that, but with you to instruct me, I'm sure I shall win simply boodles and boodles, you see if I don't!

WHY do they call that gloomy looking man the croupier? Because the croupier looks after the coughers? Don't make another pun like that or I shall go *straight* back to the hotel. I must say I'm a bit disappointed in him. I always thought croupiers had lovely silky moustaches and diamond studs and things, but that man looks like Dean Inge with 'flu. What's he saying now? Oh, hurry up, then, and show me where to put these plaques. I wonder if I shall make my fortune like that dressmaker woman did. "From Plackets to Plaques," in one thrilling scene, and all that. Yes, I'm going to put a hundred on red and a hundred on black. Oh, wouldn't it? All right, I'll put it all on red. What's he saying? Oooh! Have I really won *all* this? How too curdling!

OH, yes, *do* let's go back and play again, I'm four hundred francs up and I *know* I'll go on winning for hours and hours. No, of course, it's not the champagne we've just had, although I'll admit, perhaps, it has made me feel just the tiniest little bit reckless. Oh, no! I mean *financially* reckless, not *morally!* Yes, I'm going to put *all* this on impair and rouge, and you just can't stop me. Oh, look, that horrid croupier person is taking simply *all* the stakes! Well, I think it's simply horridly mean of them to have that stupid zero thing. No, I really *can't* stop playing now. I've simply *got* to get my money back. But, *of course,* it's the money Mums gave me for my hotel bill and expenses, and—Oh, Harold, I've lost again! What shall I do? I'm absolutely cleaned out, and there will be the *most* blood-curdling row if I wire for more. Oh, dear, I am so miserable! What's that? Supper? Why, my dear man, it would simply choke me! How *can* you be so heartless? Well, if you *really* think a little champagne would buck me up—righto! Lead on.

YOU are the *darlingest* boy to be so sympathetic and everything. If only you would tell me what I can do! But I couldn't *possibly* come and stay at your villa without a chaperon—Oh, aren't they?—But the servants?—Oh, wouldn't they?—But the gossip?—Oh, wouldn't it?—(No, only the teeniest drop, really. There you've filled it right up again.) Yes, of *course,* I love you. You are so awfully kind and helpful, but—— Only for one night? I may win it all back to-morrow? But, then, there would be no excuse to stay at your——. Harold, darlingest, you are very, very wicked to tempt me like that! No, you old pet, I don't mean *that*; I mean tempt me to gamble. You never know, I might *win* after all!

BY CHARLES ROBINSON

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LONDON'S THEATRE BOOM

Stage Photo Co.

Margaretta Scott (seen above) in the Juliet costume she wears during "A Murder has been Arranged," the ghostly thriller by the young actor Emlyn Williams, at the St. James's Theatre, has made good in this her first leading part in the West End, and gives a performance that promises well for her future career. The Stage has answered the challenge of the "Talkies" with no uncertain voice, and more good successful plays are running in the West End now than has been the case for a long time

'A COCHRAN FIRST NIGHT'—IN TH

Mr. C. B. Cochran not only provides a spectacle on the stage, but his first nights nowadays also provide a spectacle on Irving acted as a magnet to draw Society to the old Lyceum. Our artist, Leo Bates, here shows the scene in the foyer Barran, Miss Ethel Mannin, and Mr. Gordon Selfridge talking

THE FOYER OF THE ADELPHI THEATRE *Specially drawn for* THE BYSTANDER *BY LEO BATES*

cle on the other side of the curtain, for such interest is taken in his productions that the notabilities present resemble the time when foyer of the new Adelphi Theatre, and "amongst those present" whom he has caught can be distinguished the Hon. Mrs. John thing group including Mr. "Willie" Clarkson and (seated) the Aga Khan

Stage Photo Co.

LAUGHS AND THRILLS

A scene from "Twelve Hours," at the Comedy Theatre, in which corpses in a gruesome garage figure largely and an emerald is dealt with in paperchase fashion. Above is a scene in the last act showing Brown (Charles Carson), an excise officer, in the grip of George Wright (Charles Quartermaine), while from left to right stand Bob Norton (Hugh Williams), Wanda Burke (Phyllis Thomas), Harry West (Eric Maturin), a a deep-dyed villain, and Lydia Cortez (Martita Hunt)

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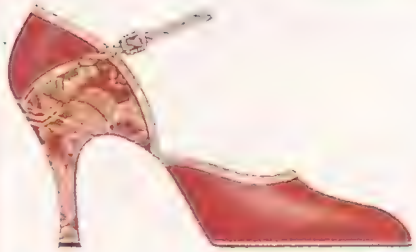

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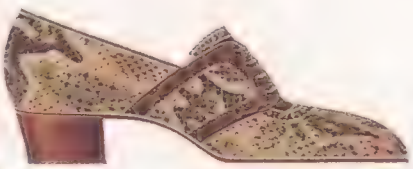

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BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

THE BLACK BAG

BY MURIEL HARRIS

MRS. GOLDING and Rachel Gayling did not know that they had more in common than that both were waiting impatiently for the tram up the hill. The night was murky; here and there appeared a star, but Rachel only saw the orange lights of the shop-windows reflected in a more than usually greasy brand of London mud, while Mrs. Golding saw nothing at all and only lamented that she was late, and that her husband would be angry. No, that wasn't quite true either. Rachel saw beside her a short, fat woman who managed to look shabby, in spite of a magnificent sealskin coat, while Mrs. Golding was determined that the girl in the brown coat with her hat cut away from her forehead should not get ahead of her into the tram when it did come.

"When they do come there'll be two or three of them," said a good-natured policeman to the growing throng. "There'll be plenty of room for everybody."

The throng murmured—some about rates, some about disgraceful organisation, some about others who, they alleged, were pushing them. When at length the tram arrived there was a general plunge. The brown-coated girl found herself carried into the tram almost by the first wave, while Mrs. Golding, suffering almost equally from nervous agitation and the heat of her fur coat, found herself holding on to the strap just above the seat occupied by Rachel.

Rachel was minded to offer her her seat. "No," she thought, "no, I won't. I'm tired too." And indeed it had been a disagreeable day at the office. Stephen—who was in another office and who did not wholly approve of her—had not been able to keep a lunch appointment. Also, the secretary of the General Hospital Fund, whose private secretary she was, had grumbled most of the day about the lack of ideas on the part of his staff concerning a big bazaar that was to be held for the fund.

Madame Yevonde

MISS MURIEL HARRIS

The author of this story. She is the winner of £1,000 prize offered by Jonathan Cape, Ltd., and Messrs. Harper Bros. in their competition for a first novel

STEPHEN, it was true, was coming to dinner. But then so was Annette and her young man—a couple whose love affair was running with a smoothness that was almost monotonous. She wouldn't have much chance to speak to Stephen. Moreover, there was dinner to see to. No, she wouldn't give up her seat to the fat woman who looked as though she could well afford a cab. "Shall I hold your bag for you?" she said to Mrs. Golding, as a compromise to her conscience.

Mrs. Golding recognised the girl she had determined should not get into the tram first. She was minded to refuse her offer to take the bag. But it was dreadfully hot in the tram; she felt dizzy; the bag was heavy. "I'm very much obliged to you," she said. Perhaps if she hurried at the top of the hill she would not, after all, be so late. Izzy himself might be late. He often was. But then he was a business man, and had much to worry him.

Izzy was an affectionate husband, but he demanded a good deal—demanded some things that Mrs. Golding found it very difficult to give. It would have been different if the miracle had happened earlier in their married life. . . . Mrs. Golding was beginning to reflect for the hundredth time on the nature of husbands when the tram stopped at the foot of her own road. She found herself packed in a dense mob, almost unable to move. "Oh, please let me get out," she cried piteously, the perspiration streaming fast down her face.

You would not have judged from Mrs. Golding's hat that she was a person of any consequence at all. That was one of Izzy's complaints. Her coat had been bought by him, and should have been suitably enshrined in its own motor. And, what was more, it had its own motor, only waiting in the garage. What was the good, he was wont to say, of his making a huge fortune in after-war speculation, when his wife had to be constantly reminded that she was the wife of a millionaire.

IT was true she had only a couple of years in which to get used to rooms which she felt to be too big for her, and far too big to be comfortable; and furniture which she felt it a sin to use every day; and Isadore's marble statues which, she said, made her feel cold; and bronzes which were as gloomy as a funeral, and hothouse flowers which she thought sheer waste of good money.

Nor was this the worst. Formerly Mrs. Golding had managed her little house very happily with the intermittent aid of one Mrs. Binns, who let Mrs. Golding do her own work and sustained an agreeable flow of conversation the while. But since Izzy had been a millionaire Mrs. Binns had been replaced by a butler and his wife, and a French cook, and a kitchenmaid and a number of other useless minxes, as she called them; and she did not even dare to go into her own kitchen, much less to make a cake now and again or linger in friendly converse with the handmaidens which were hers.

It was only when she reached the house, rather breathless, that Mrs. Golding suddenly remembered. She had left her black bag in the car on the knees of the girl in the brown coat.

Her heart stood still. Then it rushed ahead to catch up with a violence that made her feel sick. The gentleman who opened the door thought his mistress must be ill, so white and dazed did she look in the brilliantly lighted hall. Mr. Golding was asking for her, she was informed. He had come home in a hurry and he wanted her.

Illustrated by LEO BATES

PULLING herself together, she went slowly up the broad staircase. The house was Georgian, with fine

(All rights strictly reserved)

panelling. So much Izzy could not destroy. The total effect was rich—very rich—and Izzy was pleased with it.

"Mamma." He always called her "Mamma," though there were, most unfortunately, no little Izzys. "At last. My dear wife, you are late, and I am in a hurry."

"There's plenty of time to dress for the dinner-party."

He waved his hands. "There is no dinner-party. I have telephoned our excuses to the Rosenthals. I have to go North. May be away a week. You must not mind. Now if you will help me pack my bag."

ISADORE was a small man with greying hair and beard. His face was like a goat's, and he had a way of thrusting his hands forward as he walked as though to seize you by the hand or buttonhole. His movements were fussy. He fussed over his bag, how many handkerchiefs should he take, whether he should not take the other bag. All this had happened hundreds of times before. He liked it. He liked Mrs. Izzy to watch him do it. He was on wires. Mrs. Izzy followed painfully after, but her nerves did not stand it well. He said he did the work while she took the rest-cures, and he was pleased with his own joke.

For once she was immensely relieved that he was going away—she was afraid he would notice it—he was so sharp. It was something that he had not been vexed with her for being late. She would not have a whole dreary week in which to ponder his displeasure and to feel she was not the wife he ought to have had. Izzy loved publicity. Mrs. Izzy hated it. Instead of enjoying his diamonds she was afraid of burglars. Instead of spending his money on clothes she tried to save it for him. He took some satisfaction to himself that he loved her as much as ever. Poor Mamma!

When at length the bag was packed—he had known all the time just what he wanted put into it—and he had kissed her heartily on both cheeks and driven away—a very king of men—she sat down to consider what on earth she could do about the bag.

The bag in the meantime was being carried down another road ten minutes away by an exceedingly ill-tempered young woman.

Rachel Grayling was thinking very hard of a method by means of which the General Hospital Fund bazaar could be made more attractive and, still more, the general secretary be made to eat his contemptuous comments of the afternoon. She did not notice Mrs. Golding's frenzied exit, and it was only when the time came for her to get out at her own road that she found herself burdened with an exceedingly heavy black bag which did not belong to her.

EVEN at twenty-two it is the limit to have had a bad day at the office, to have dinner to prepare for four people, and, on the top of it all, to have to carry someone else's bag down an exceedingly long, wet road.

"She'll be upset, too," thought Rachel. "People like that can't bear losing even a handkerchief." Which proved that she had summed up Mrs. Golding with some correctness. She would get dinner first and then look in the bag, in which there would probably be an address. "But she'll have to come and get it," Rachel determined.

A flat of your own has charms which very nearly compensate for having to cook your own dinner. Probably you are the only person who knows with what care the rugs, the curtains, even the salted almonds and cigarettes have been chosen. But even a stranger, Rachel felt, must have recognised that here was very superior taste indeed. Similarly she despised the ordinary female dinner. She was a good cook, having very early grasped the fact that whereas there are some people who do not mind what they eat, there are none who dislike good food. A good dinner, a bright fire, comfortable chairs for everybody, and who would not feel that he—and particularly he—was not being royally entertained, even though it were in a little upper part of a house in Highgate. Her spirits rose as she put the finishing touches to the table, giving her guests real napkins instead of paper. She went to change her dress. By the way, she might have a look at the bag.

It opened quite easily, just as might any week-end bag. Inside was a nest of chamois leather. Inside the chamois leather was a whole sitting of diamonds.

"As they reached the heart of the crowd Mrs. Golding gave a little gasp and with difficulty prevented herself from crying out. There in a glass case and guarded by two very tall policemen were her jewels"

THEY must be diamonds. Fakes could not glow and sparkle like that. Rachel set them out on the bed. There was a magnificent tiara, a necklace of huge diamonds of a dark, steely colour, several rings and pendants, a bracelet of diamonds and sapphires, and underneath, in a case, a second necklace of beautifully matched pearls.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Rachel, and held up the pearl necklace for inspection.

There was a ring at the door. She darted into the little kitchen, looked in the oven, ran back into her bedroom, clapped on the tiara, not even waiting to put it straight, fumbled with the necklace and slid on three rings and the bracelet. With the tiara still a little rakish on her dark hair she went to the door.

The effect on Stephen was all that could be desired.

He followed her into the sitting-room. "Where on earth did you get those things?"

"The family diamonds. Sometimes I take them out of pawn when I get paid."

"Seriously."

"You don't seem to realise that you're a visitor. Perfect gentlemen don't look astonished at their hostess's magnificent collection of jewels."

Stephen began to laugh. "They're wonderful imitations. Must be worth a lot."

"Our family doesn't wear fakes," said Rachel regally. "Just answer the bell while I go into the kitchen, will you? Don't tell the others."

RACHEL made her second sensation that evening when she entered bearing four cups of soup on a tray and looking like the Queen of Sheba.

"Oh-h!" exclaimed Annette, who was small and dark and rather like a robin. "Oh, Rachel, *do* let me try them

. That heavenly tiara! Oh, Rachel, are they really ours?" Annette was a great admirer of Rachel, and was ite prepared to believe that the latter had suddenly quired a fortune in jewels. She put on the diamond neck- e and ran over to the glass. "Just *look* how they rkle!"

Philip, who was only going to be able to give Annette e smallest possible home about this time next year, felt ang as he saw her eyes dancing.

Stephen also began to look grave. Rachel was always nexpected. The stones did not look like fakes. In any se she ought not to have them here, with nowhere safe to t them.

"Where *did* you get them from?" said Annette, when e had tried on everything.

"A woman left them in a black bag on my knees in the tram."

"You don't realise," said Stephen to the wondering pair, "that this is no ordinary flat, but the home of a cinematograph star whose diamonds are the wonder of modern times."

"You'd better see the bag." Rachel disappeared for a moment. "You wouldn't believe me when I told you they were the family diamonds, so I had to find another story."

"If the woman really left them," said Stephen, "they must have been stolen."

"The woman didn't look like a thief."

"Thieves don't. Probably escaping from the police and landed them on you. You'd better let me take them round to the police station for you to-night."

"Not on your life! I haven't decided yet what to do about them."

"THERE'S only one course," said Stephen in the lordly way which always irritated her.

"Let's sit round the fire and I'll disagree with all your suggestions."

"I think they ought to give you at least a ring for returning them," said Annette.

"It isn't safe to have them in the house," said Philip. "You may have been followed here. Suppose they *should* be real."

"Of course it isn't," put in Stephen.

"I should keep them for a day or two," said Annette longingly.

"The police must be informed," insisted Stephen.

"They are probably very well known," put in Philip.

"Do you really think so?"

"Stones like that? Why, of course. You might easily be murdered for them."

"Let me take them now," said Stephen.

"I've decided what to do with them," said Rachel calmly. "Thanks to Philip."

"What?" The three voices rang as one.

"I should hate you all to be murdered or be accessories before the fact." Rachel's eyes twinkled. "So I won't share my guilty secret with you. At present. I'll put them in my hat-box to-night. Don't worry, Stephen. The woman who presented me with them is worrying ever so much more."

CURIOUSLY Mrs. Golding was worrying comparatively little. There was no need for her to go to that dreadful dinner-party; no need to produce her diamonds for Izzy to select from them, and a whole week in which to recover them before his return. She felt almost as relieved as though she had never lost them. The diamonds had been nothing but a trouble since Izzy had bought them. She never felt they were really her own, but rather as though she were a shop-stand upon which Izzy showed his wares. It embarrassed her to decorate herself, and she sighed for the days when she used to take out the gold locket Izzy had given her before they were rich at all. She used to wear it on days of special significance—Izzy's birthday, for instance, and it seemed infinitely more valuable than any diamonds. The diamonds, indeed, separated her from him. They were part of the new life which she could not share and in which she felt totally unable to hold her own. Also

her natural horror of burglars, which caused her to look under the bed every night, was greatly increased. She had always believed that they would carry off the gold locket. It was asking for trouble to possess diamonds as well.

Izzy delighted in the diamonds. He liked to take them out and look at them, and when she wore them, as she did as often as he could make her, he followed her delightedly with his eyes. As a compromise she was allowed to keep them in a bank in the City. This meant numberless journeys to and fro to get them, and she would not go in the motor lest she should be followed. He it was who had insisted on the old black bag as an adequate disguise for the precious jewels, all of which he liked her to bring home so that he could make his choice of them.

AND now the precious diamonds had gone—the epitome of Izzy's life-work, sign of his success. Mrs. Golding once asked herself whether he was not fonder of her diamonds than of herself, but she realised that this was unfair.

She turned over in her mind the steps she might take towards the recovery of the jewels. The police were out of the question if the matter was to be kept from her husband. Remained her own resources, and what were they? She ought to have told him all about it before he started. But he was worried, and he had been irritable of late. Besides—she couldn't bear it if he were angry with her.

She didn't think the girl who offered to take the bag was a thief. Mrs. Golding could have asked for the bag, if she had not forgotten it, and if the girl had refused to give it up she could easily have proved that it was her own. If only she had taken the car, as Izzy insisted. But, besides the danger, she disliked giving orders to the chauffeur even more than facing the crush in the tram. She was used to the tram—knew all the numbers, too. If only she could remember the girl. She would go down to the tram the next evening and see whether she could recognise her. Of course, it had been madness not to bring the jewels straight back after she had been to the bank. But she liked looking at the shops in what she called the West End. So there it was

THE week passed all too quickly. Mrs. Golding watched every night, but never once did she see the brown coat or the cutaway hat. Once in the morning she thought she saw the girl walking towards the tram. She hastened after her, intending to speak, and then lost her again as the tram disappeared down the hill.

It was actually Rachel whom she saw had she but known it. In the meantime, what should she do about the diamonds? How tell Izzy when he came back?

When Izzy did come back he was in high good humour. Business had been excellent. He had averted a crisis and made some more money. He was pleased with himself and with the world in general.

"And so, Mamma, I will take you out to-night, and we will have the best dinner that money can buy, and afterwards—well, we can think."

Mrs. Golding said she was tired—they might do something early. She dreaded lest Izzy demand evening dress, and then, of course, the diamonds.

He pinched her plump arm affectionately. It was true, she did look tired, and he attributed it to his absence. No, there never was such a woman. Never!

Mrs. Golding was on the verge of telling him. He was so affectionate, so kind. Perhaps he would not mind so much. But she would not tell him now, after all, and spoil everything.

He arranged to pick her up at five o'clock in Park Lane at a charitable reception to which he had insisted that she should go.

MRS. GOLDING was late for the reception, and when her car arrived there was such a queue of cars and taxis that she was held up still longer, with the result that she and Izzy met on the steps and went inside together. The crowd was very dense, but there was a drift towards the centre of the big hall. Izzy preceded his wife, nodding to this one and to that, looking to see whether his wife's furs were as good as those he saw around him. On the whole, he thought, she did him credit, as, indeed, how should she not, considering that he had chosen them himself.

As they reached the heart of the crowd Mrs. Golding gave a little gasp, and with difficulty prevented herself from crying out.

There, in a glass case and guarded by two very tall policemen, were her jewels, her very own jewels.

Over them was a legend to the effect that they had belonged to deposed European royalties whose names for obvious reasons could not be divulged; that they had been smuggled out of the country and were being lent by one whose name, also for obvious reasons, could not be revealed. They were being exhibited for the benefit of the General Hospital Fund, and contributions might be put in the boxes fixed to the glass case.

Izzy turned round to her, his face fairly beaming. "Why, Mamma! Oh, how sly! So this is what you have been doing! I read about the jewels in the paper this morning. And *who* told you, I should like to know, that they belonged to Royalty? Royalty, indeed!" He laughed in pleased reminiscence of how he had bought them. "You have surprised me, Mamma. This is a good joke. I could not have thought of anything better myself."

Izzy was clearly beside himself with pleasure. It did not take very long before it was whispered that the jewels had been lent by Mrs. Golding, wife of the well-known international financier. Izzy saw the secret leak out in all the papers the next day.

Mrs. Izzy began to feel a little faint. Then she saw the girl. She was standing quite near the jewels. She pushed her way towards her. "I must speak to you. Now. At once."

RACHEL turned a little pale. This is what Stephen said would happen. She pulled herself together and said: "No, I'm sorry. I mustn't say how they came to us." Then she beckoned to Mrs. Golding to follow her out of the room.

"The jewels are mine. You must return them to me."

Rachel looked round apprehensively. Then she decided on a bold course. "How can you prove that they are yours?"

"Why, dearie, I left them on your lap in the tram."

Rachel was touched with her simplicity. But she had got to keep those diamonds. The general secretary had applauded her for her idea, and her status was distinctly improved by proof that she was in close touch with diamonds of such value. "Look here," said Rachel, "let me keep them for the week. They're a great draw."

Mrs. Golding hesitated. She thought of Izzy. "If I let you keep them—will you promise not to say—how—how you came by them? At least—only that I lent them to you?"

"Of course."

"Then you can keep them. But it was naughty, wasn't it, dearie, to give me so much anxiety?"

"I didn't know where to find you."

"And *are* they royal, dearie? I didn't know it."

Rachel's eyes twinkled. Then she said, "You won't tell of me either, will you?" She meant to prove herself perfectly right to Stephen, and then, when he had apologised for all the fuss, perhaps she would tell him all about it—but only perhaps.

IZZY surpassed himself that night. There never was such a dinner, for it was impossible to resist him. He had never made himself so entirely lovable. To-morrow everybody would know about his diamonds. "But how did you come to think of it, Mamma?" he said at least ten times.

She squeezed his arm on the way home. Then suddenly she told him all about it. Could he ever forgive her? She couldn't bear it if he couldn't forgive her.

There was a second's pause. It seemed like eternity to Mrs. Golding.

Then Izzy gave her a resounding kiss. "Besides, they will think they were Crown jewels just the same," he said.

M. H.

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BOOKS AND PEOPLE

PRESENTS FOR ALL

By Ralph Straus

THIS is the one time of the year when new books are not being hurled hourly at the unfortunate reviewer's head. It is also the time when curious objects called "Christmas Books" make their appearance in large numbers. Presumably these objects are intended to give pleasure to children, and I sincerely hope that they do, but I cannot speak with any knowledge of their contents, for they never come my way. On the other hand, there are plenty of "non-Christmas" books which make admirable Christmas presents, and I have been looking through the recently published books on my shelves to see what sort of a selection I could make.

SUCH a present, I suppose, should not be too bulky, and preferably not a novel; something a little out of the way. Not costly, but at the same time a book which you would want to keep. Then what better than *The Week-End Book* (Nonesuch Press: 6s.), which has just reappeared in a new and even more elaborate dress. What a success the quaint little thing has had, and how well it has deserved it! A good companion, if ever there was one, and absurdly cheap. This year it has no less than 564 pages.

BUT you may have given Week-End Books before. You may require something entirely new. Well, the choice is wide. There is, for instance, Mr. Douglas Woodruff's new book, *Plato's Britannia* (Sheed and Ward: 6s.). A year or two ago Mr. Woodruff brought Socrates to life again and took him to America. Now he brings him to England with a young friend called Mylon, from Rhodes, and therefore presumably eligible for a Rhodes scholarship at Oxford. It is all most excellent fun. Socrates arrives in London and is astounded to learn that it is cheaper to travel in the lordly red chariot called an omnibus than in the much shabbier vehicle known as a taxi-cab. Naturally he visits the Athenæum Club and Olympia, but finds that neither of these doubtlessly noble institutions comes up to his expectations. Our political system and our social habits are not altogether to his taste, and he is a little pessimistic about our future. There is no hope for our men, he considers, until our women are not afraid of growing fat and take to drinking beer again.

MR. WOODRUFF'S satire is gentle and engaging. No doubt we are a wholly barbarous nation, but at least we do not mind being told so—particularly at this time of the year. There are hits which are very palpable indeed, but they are the kind of hits which will cause nothing but chuckles. And you do not need to be a Greek scholar to enjoy the quips and jests. Personally, I read the whole book at a sitting.

Marcus Adams

MISS MOYRA CHARLTON

The twelve-years-old daughter of Brigadier-General Claud Charlton, C.B., C.M.G. Her first book, "Tally Ho!" the story of a hunter, is unusually brilliant. It is published by Putnam

THEN there is a new Archibald Marshall: *Simple Tales from Punch* (Dent: 6s.), with Mr. George Morrow in faithful attendance. There may be people who can see nothing funny in these whimsies, but I am not amongst them. I love to be told about Mr. Bundaby's strawberry nose, and Miss Pewrent's breach of promise case, and Mr. Boomer's theatricals, and Miss Nock's insistence on marrying the butler, and all the rest of the ridiculous crew. And my admiration for Mr. Morrow increases with every new drawing of his that I see. This is the third volume of the kind now in print, but, like Oliver, I am asking for more.

A MORE bellicose volume is Hugh Kingsmill's *More Invective* (Eyre and Spottiswoode: 7s. 6d.). I sometimes hear complaints that in these days we rarely allow ourselves "to go all out" in print. Well, people have a horrid habit of finding libels in the most innocent paragraphs, and the still more horrid habit of going to law about them. But it was not ever thus, and perhaps after reading Mr. Kingsmill's collection of abuse and invective (the second, by the way, that he has compiled) we shall find ourselves suitably equipped for all kinds of novel fulminations. Christmas, I know, is hardly the season for thunderbolts, but—we can wait and see. (I have a vague idea that in January the income-tax people show a mild interest in one's financial position.)

WHAT else? I have dipped into *Essays of the Year (Original and Selected)* (Argonaut Press: 5s.), and found the fare very good indeed. Thirty-one contributors on thirty-one subjects, which range from essays themselves to unicorns, English cooks, and the late Harry Weldon. Mr. J. C. Squire leads the band in a delightfully unorthodox fashion. He is the essayist on essays, and he ends his contribution in this wise: "The cocks are all crowing, and I must go to bed. If I only had a copy of this book I should take it up with me and read it. Unhappily, at the moment of writing, it does not exist." Happily, another moment has been brought to birth (if moments can be said to have birth; I am no mathematician), and we have the advantage over Mr. Squire.

THERE is another little book, equally cheap, which I fancy many people would like to be given, and that is Mr. Leonard Woolley's *Digging Up the Past* (Benn: 6s.). Why does anyone dig? The question is often asked, and here is the answer, concisely and entertainingly set forth. Tombs of Egyptian monarchs may be interesting, but there are other things besides tombs which repay digging. Moreover, besides the what and the why, the how comes in for consideration; and it is just here that Mr. Woolley's pages are so fascinating. There are a number of excellent photographs, by the way, and I do not know another book of the same size which covers so much ground (though underground, I suppose, would be the more correct word).

A LITTLE potted information for you. "An octopus is a person who hopes for the best." "Medical men have found that there are more dead than there were." "General Smuts are what all the different black races are called in the north-western quarter of Africa." "A pig is a quadruped which is very useful. It supplies us with bacon, pork, brawn, and black

(Continued on page iv)

SHOOTING NOTES

WHERE DEER-STALKING IS CHEAP

By "CLODHOPPER"

CONSIDERING that the lessee of a Highland deer forest has to "cough up" the very useful sum of £25 or so for every stag he kills, it seems passing strange that in many parts of New Zealand red deer are to-day regarded as being little better than vermin.

FOR years past the rabbit has been cursed by Australian agriculturists as the most intolerable and most expensive pest ever introduced into the Antipodes. But one imagines that the prickly pear (also an exotic) rivals the rodent in point of prolificacy and as a menace to agriculture, sheep and cattle farming. In any case the rabbit and the prickly pear have between them cost many millions of pounds to Australian settlers since their introduction to the country by earlier colonists whose knowledge of biology was obviously weak.

BUT to return to the gist of my subject. The acclimatisation of deer in New Zealand dates back to 1861. Since then a great deal of new blood has been introduced, and the climate and feed have so suited the herds that they have increased to an almost alarming degree. The North and South Islands boast enormous numbers of red deer, while the Sambur, Virginian, fallow, and axis species have also become firmly established in both islands.

Stewart Island, too, harbours some very fine herds of deer, and I understand that chamois and thar are increasing in quantity in the Southern Alps. I do not know, however, whether licences have yet been issued for the stalking of either of these interesting furred mountaineers.

SOME twenty-five years ago that famous naturalist-sportsman, the late President Theodore Roosevelt, presented to the Government of New Zealand the nucleus of a herd of both wapiti and moose. These splendid representatives of the cervines of North America were turned down in the Southland fiord country, and so greatly have their descendants multiplied—and, incidentally, improved upon their progenitors in regard to weight and head—in the new habitat, that licences at £10 a rifle are now issued by the Southlands Acclimatisation Society. Holders of such "permits" are entitled to kill two wapiti or two moose between March 1 and May 30.

Vyvyan Poole

Lord and Lady Bangor at the covert shoot recently given by Lieut.-Colonel J. C. W Madden at Hilton Park, near Clones, co. Monaghan. Lord Bangor was recently appointed Speaker of the Senate of Northern Ireland in succession to the late Marquess of Dufferin and Ava

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

SCHEME SOME CHRISTMAS SHOOTING.

THE heavy work of the season having been completed, the problem arises of supplying a few days' entertainment during the holiday period. Cock pheasants will still be in surplus and flying their strongest, but to show them to the guns will necessitate ingenious variations from routine beating and an expenditure of energy not previously called for. The guns on their part must be unusually alert and enterprising, besides severely quenching the natural exuberances of the season. If and when crisp frosty conditions set in, rabbits will be more inclined to lie out and the opportunity should be exploited with all vigour. Following a summer of rank herbage growth and with so many farms passing into jungle state there should be no scarcity of holding ground. A bucket full of saturated fir cones will work wonders in the way of odoriferous treatment of burrows. Everyone arranging such occasions should remember that the holiday shooter prefers a larger proportion of walking than the lethargic professor of scientific shooting. In so abundant a season his kind has had its fill, so let them retire in favour of the casuals who bring more enthusiasm than skill into the proceedings.

A FRIEND who has just returned home from a lengthy shooting and fishing tour in the South Island tells me that the red deer afford infinitely better and more sporting stalking than any of the other species. He, apparently, did not secure any particularly fine trophies, but I learn from him that magnificent heads of fourteen points and upwards are by no means uncommon. The present record for the New Zealand "forests" was a huge 24-pointer, killed in the Rakaia district, Canterbury. This glorious stag boasted a spread of 48½in., length of horn 45½in., weight 23¾, of great beam and exceptionally handsome brows, bays, trays and tops. What a dwarf would even the noblest denizen of the Scottish glens and corries appear if placed beside such a gigantean specimen of his own kind.

THANKS to rich and plenteous feeding in an equable climate, the red stags of New Zealand undoubtedly carry the finest heads and heaviest weights of any of their species in the world. Some parts of the territory roamed by the herds afford comparatively easy stalking, but the wild mountainous districts, in which many of the best heads are secured, resemble not a little the rugged, boulder-strewn, Highland deer forests. Owing to protection deer have distributed themselves so widely, and their depredations have become so serious in cultivated areas of the colony, that organised raids will most probably be made against the immense herds next season. Here, then, is an excellent opportunity for English sportsmen of moderate means, even, to enjoy a couple of months of first-rate deer-stalking, and to secure some fine trophies at a tithe of the cost of renting a small forest in Scotland

THE season for deer varies slightly in different districts, but, generally speaking, it opens during the last week in March and closes at the end of May. Licences range from £1 to £5, and in regions where herds are numerous there is no limit as to the number of heads. Licences apply only to the districts for which they are issued. Bar the cost of voyaging to and from New Zealand, the expenses attached to a shooting and fishing trip in this delightful outpost of the Empire need not be excessive. The average New Zealander is the personification of hospitality, a rattling good sportsman, and ever ready to welcome and assist a brother sportsman from the Old Country in the way of procuring for him the very best of shooting and fishing available.

3229.
18 ct. Gold. Silk or Leather Cords.
£15 15 0

3134.
9 ct. Gold, £4 15 0
18 ct. ,, 6 0 0

540.
18 ct. Gold, £9 9 0
18 ct. White Gold, 10 10 0

533.
9 ct. Gold, £6 15 0

3230
Diamonds, Sapphires and Platinum.
£25 0 0

3238.
Diamonds and Platinum.
£50 0 0

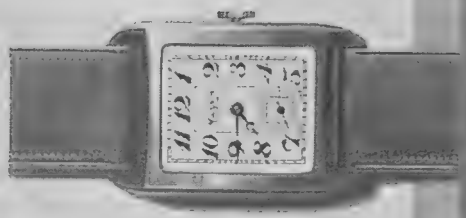
3237.
Diamonds and Platinum.
£84 0 0

1328.
Diamonds and Platinum.
£40 0 0

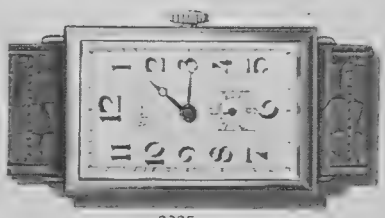
3232.
Diamonds, Emeralds and Platinum.
£145 0 0

MAPPIN WATCHES

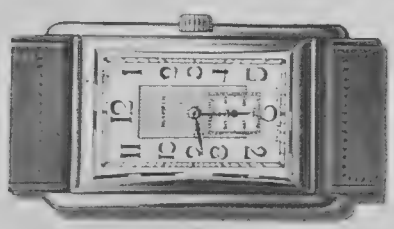
The Watches illustrated are fitted with reliable, fully jewelled Lever Movements, which carry the fullest guarantee, and thoroughly uphold the 'Mappin' tradition of Quality.
In the Company's selection are Watches to suit every taste and purse.
A Catalogue will be sent upon request.



3313.
9 ct. Gold ... £6 6 0



3225.
9 ct. Gold ... £9 15 0
18 ct. ,, ... 13 10 0



3226.
18 ct. White and Yellow Gold.
£17 10 0

1104.
18 ct. Gold ... £20 0 0

INCREASING BUSINESS HAS NECESSITATED THE EXTENSION OF THE OXFORD ST. SHOWROOMS

BY APPOINTMENT

MAPPIN & WEBB Ltd

172, REGENT ST., W.1. 2, QUEEN VICTORIA ST, E.C.4. 156-162, OXFORD ST, W.1.

PARIS. ROME. NICE LONDON MONTREAL. BUENOS AIRES. ETC.

MOTOR NOTES

FOR FRESH-AIR FIENDS

By E. M. Wright

ANCIENT AND MODERN

The 1898 6 h.p. two-cylinder Daimler entered by Mr. H. C. Butterfield, taking part in the Old Crocks Run from London to Brighton. On the right is a new six-cylinder 20 h.p. Daimler, which affords a striking contrast to its old, but still "game," prototype

DURING the last eighteen months I have had extensive experience of opening bodies of every shape and size, and to those who hanker after the odd shaft of sunlight and welcome a blow of fresh air in season and a view of the open sky upon occasion my conclusions may be of some interest. The cars in question may be placed in four groups as follows: (1) The open four-seater tourer; (2) the two-seater with dickey; (3) the proprietary type of saloon with completely opening head; and (4) the ordinary saloon with sliding roof. What are the conclusions? They must be considered from both the utility and enjoyability of the car itself, and its saleability when one comes to part with it—as this has to be taken into account when investing money in any car in these days.

***

THE open four-seater is, of course, ideal in really fine weather, but the days on which it is usable in the fully open condition in this climate—at least, by those who are no longer in their hot-blooded youth—amount on the average to somewhere about one in ten! When "closed" (notice the inverted commas), it becomes a cavern of draughts, cold, darkness, rattles and invisibility. Except on the ultra-sports chassis, on which this type of body is expected, and therefore tolerated, it is practically unsaleable. The open four-seater is only to be recommended on ultra-sports cars which are only bought by ultra-sports people.

NEXT comes the two-seater with dickey. It is smart-looking, has a handy "feel" about it, and is less a cavern of draughts, etc., with the hood and side-screens up. But it is definitely for two or three people only. The fact that the dickey is out in the cold and wet puts it out of court for more than two or three, even if it is only bought for use in the summer. Statistics show that there are almost as many wet or partially wet days in summer as in winter in our delightful British climate. It is, however, fairly saleable, for there is a large proportion of motorists of all ages who prefer motoring à deux. Engaged couples or those in the first flush of early marriage—i.e., in all cases where actual or potential mothers-in-law are hovering in the offing—definitely want a car which will not take more than two, and smarter lines are obtainable with the ordinary two-seater than with almost any other type of coachwork.

***

NEXT there is the patent saloon with a roof which by one device or another folds completely away, leaving only the windows with their framework erect. There are several of these sun saloons, as they have been called, on the market. They are true saloons when closed, but they are inclined to rattle, and when you come to sell them you find them extremely difficult to dispose of in the general market. But there *is* a sale for them—for there are a few select people who want just this type of body, and will not be satisfied with any other—and I respect them. They are true enthusiasts who have hit upon the ideal means of combining a love of fresh air with an equally admirable regard for comfort.

***

LAST comes the ordinary four- or five-seater saloon with sliding roof. This is the type to which, after a lengthy period of trial and error, I am fully converted. That feel of the open car on a fine day, which is so attractive, comes mostly from the mere absence of roof between the occupants and the sky, and the presence of light and a reasonable amount of controlled fresh air in the car. All this is obtainable with the opening roof—at least, for the occupants of the front seats, who are the ones that matter—while those in the back do not suffer from draughts.

***

Dying Hard

MANY motorists imagine that the speed limit is already dead. On the contrary it is very much alive, though its days are now numbered. For the three months ending on October 31 there were nearly 1,500 cases of speeding in the Metropolitan area alone. Apparently the police have been having a final fling before a law which was after their own hearts is abolished. The speed limit for private cars does not disappear until the end of this year; and even then it will be retained in public parks. Why the speed limit should be retained so long is an unexplainable mystery. The Minister of Transport admits its futility; Parliament has sanctioned its abolition. Yet the powers that be hesitate to promulgate a law which has been on the Statute Book for months past. Meanwhile, the police reap a rich harvest of fines from "criminals" who have the misfortune to anticipate the calendar by a matter of a few days!

Miss Violet Cordery, the famous woman motorist, congratulating Mr. C. E. Shippam on his return after a world tour in a Riley Nine. Mr. Victor Riley, Managing Director of the Riley Company, is seen on the left

"Why be vague?
Ask for Haig."

Haig
. . WHISKY

no finer whisky goes into any bottle

Visit Monte Carlo

where sunshine is assured!

SEASON'S EVENTS

WORLD - FAMOUS CASINO. Open all the year round. Play from 10 a.m. till 2 a.m.

Innumerable and novel attractions, organised by M. René Leon, who is responsible for the creation of the modernised Monte Carlo, of which he is the animator.

OPERA. Under the management of Raoul Gunsbourg, and under the patronage of H.S.H. Prince Louis II of Monaco, from January to April.

THEATRICAL ENTERTAINMENTS AND BALLETS, from November to January, under the management of M. René Blum.

MUSIC. Classical and Modern, under the leadership of Paul Paray, from November to May. The finest on the Continent.

AUTOMOBILE EVENTS. The three most important in Europe—the Automobile Rally, for which over 100 cars started last year. The Elegance Competition, and the Grand Prix of Monaco—for speed.

MONT AGEL GOLF CLUB, open all the year round, 18 holes course.

MONTE CARLO COUNTRY CLUB, with its twenty-one perfect Courts, the Mecca of tennis enthusiasts.

HOTELS, the principal ones of which have undergone complete transformations and are renowned for their comfort and all-round excellence.

For all information and hotel charges, apply to the Society des Bains de Mer, Monte Carlo.

FENCING TOURNAMENTS, DOG SHOW, ART EXHIBITION, &c.

THE MONTE CARLO BEACH AND HOTEL

MONTE CARLO

HOTEL DE PARIS

World Renowned
Renovated Throughout Open all Year

HOTEL HERMITAGE

pension from 125 francs

HOTEL ST. JAMES & des ANGLAIS

pension from 90 francs

IN PARIS STOP AT Opera HOTEL **SCRIBE**
The Best
GRILL and BAR

The Choicest Brandy of Cognac for the merriest time of the Year!

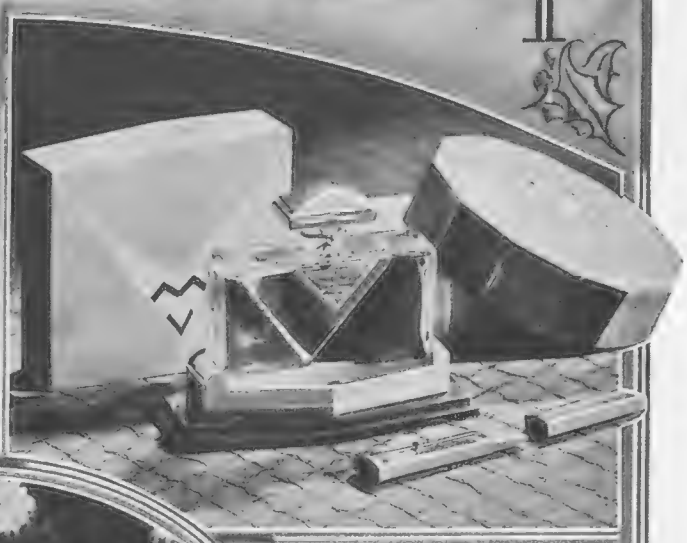
Not until the paper hats have disappeared and the youngsters have climbed the "timber hill," does Christmas belong to a man Now let him take a glass of Castillon to toast the days that are past and then refill his glass to the future; for no Brandy is more able to make the past mellow or the future hopeful than this fine Cognac, distilled and matured in the Cognac district.

Buy Castillon Cognac Brandy in whole and half bottles or handy pocket flasks from wine and spirit merchants or the principal stores. *Should you have any difficulty please write to us, The London Agents, 85 Turnmill Street, E.C.1.*

CASTILLON
COGNAC
BRANDY AT ITS VERY BEST

Willing C.C. 64

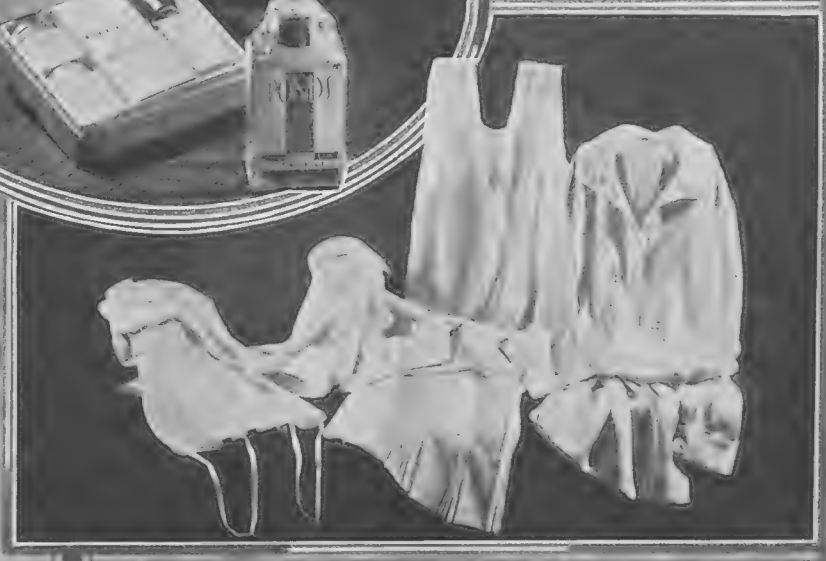
WHEN WOMEN SHOP



Charming gift sets, talcum powder, and a primrose powder bowl from Dubarry, 81, Brompton Rd

"Pourpre d'Orient," Roger et Gallet's fascinating new perfume, with a box of similarly scented powder and a lipstick de luxe

(On right) Pond's Cold and vanishing creams, Skin Freshner, and Cleansing Tissues



A long-sleeved crêpe-de-Chine nightdress which costs 42/- at the Galeries Lafayette, Regent St. Also a triple ninon set in pastel shades

A fringe necklace of diamonds and platinum from Mappin & Webb. The clock has an enamel dial, while the wrist watch has a dust-proof case

Sandals of crêpe-de-Chine piped with silver kid, for 25/-; a moiré court shoe at 16/9; and a Grecian slipper in crêpe-de-Chine for 12/9, with some buckles. At Abbotts 324, Oxford Street

THE PERFECT HOST

Grant's Morella Cherry Brandy is a delightful adjunct to the festive board. Delicious and invigorating, it is enjoyed by everybody

On right. Highland Queen whisky has a mellow richness which makes it easily recognisable. A case would make a handsome Christmas present

A splendid whisky in a Doulton-ware flagon decorated with a quaint traditional figure—Dewar's White Label

On left. A red leather casket containing one hundred Gold Flake cigarettes. These are 5/- each, while Gold Flake Special in plain oak caskets cost 6/6

Extreme left. De Reszke Virginias are packed in attractive tins sealed in cardboard containers all ready for posting. They cost 2/6 for fifty and 5/- for one hundred

Buchanan's Scotch whiskies—"Black and White" and "Liqueur"—appeal irresistibly to the connoisseur

BY APPOINTMENT
JEWELLERS & SILVERSMITHS
TO H.M. THE KING

Gifts

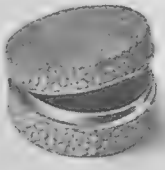
Engine-turned Sterling Silver Concave Flask.

Capacity ½ pint £3 0 0
.. ¾ .. 3 12 6
.. 1 .. 4 10 0
.. 1½ .. 5 0 0

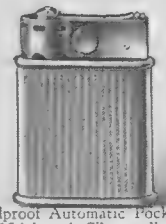
Sterling Silver-mounted Glass Preserve Jar, with Spoon.
£1 2 6

Regent Plate mounted folding Shaving Mirror, with magnifying glass one side and ordinary mirror the other. Complete in Pigskin case for travelling.
£1 1 0

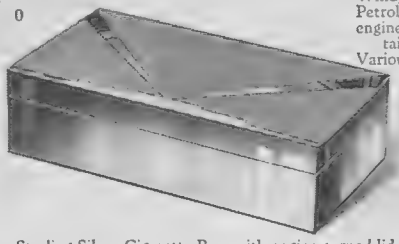
Sterling Silver-mounted Cut Glass Whiskey Decanter.
£1 12 6



Shagreen and Sterling Silver-gilt and Enamel Face Cream Box.
£1 0 0

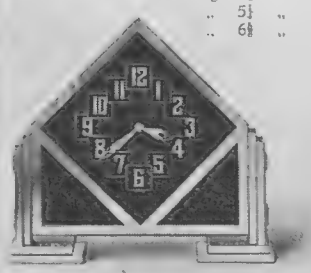


Windproof Automatic Pocket Petrol Lighter, in Silver pull-off engine-turned case. Has a container for spare stones. Various engine-turnings, 15 -

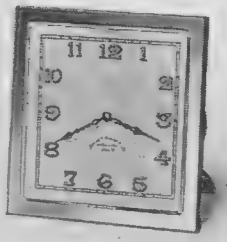


Sterling Silver Cigarette Box, with engine-turned lid, lined Cedar.

Length 3⅝ inches ... £3 0 0
.. 5½ 4 0 0
.. 6⅝ 5 0 0

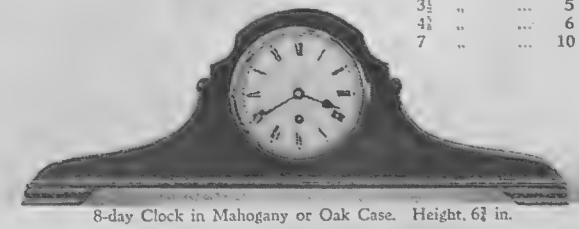


8-day Clock in Chromium Case, with marble base and side pieces.
9 inches ... £20 0 0



8-day Clock in Chromium Case, luminous dial.

2¼ inches ... £3 10 0
3½ 5 0 0
4⅛ 6 0 0
7 .. ... 10 10 0

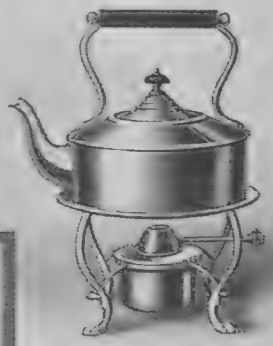


8-day Clock in Mahogany or Oak Case. Height, 6¾ in.
£4 0 0

Sterling Silver Wine Jug.
£7 10 0

Sterling Silver Cocktail Shaker, with non-leakable Silver stopper. Modern design. Capacity, 1 pint.
£4 10 0

"Orlak" Glass Casserole Dish, octagon shape, in Regent Plate Stand.
£2 15 0



Regent Plate Kettle, with stand and lamp; extra shallow to facilitate quick boiling.

Capacity, 1½ pints £3 7 6
.. 2 .. 3 12 6
.. 2½ .. 4 7 6
.. 3 .. 5 2 6

An illustrated brochure of Gift Suggestions in Gem Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, Silver and Regent Plate sent upon request.

If you cannot visit us, may we have the pleasure of sending you a selection of goods for your inspection, at our own risk and expense.

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GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY LTD
112 Regent Street 112
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(at the Corner of Glasshouse Street)

NO BRANCH ESTABLISHMENTS ANYWHERE

Barker and Dobson's delicious chocolates are contained in handsome boxes

Chocolates de Luxe

Good chocolates are indispensable at the Christmas feast, and this year there is a particular treat in store for those who have a sweet tooth. Barker and Dobson have brought out a Surprise Box which has five trays tied together with ribbon, each of which contains a different assortment of chocolates. It holds 1 lb. and costs 5*s*. The Golden Casket, ornamented with cords and tassels, contains 2 lb. of assorted chocolates and is priced at 10*s*., while the ever-popular Belmont sells at 12*s*., and contains 2 lb.

Why not Give Shoes ?

Slippers and shoes are always useful, and each year they seem to become more attractive. At Dolcis, 86, New Bond Street, there are boudoir slippers of crêpe de Chine trimmed with feathers, and fur-lined leather moccasins which cost only 6*s*. 11*d*. Among the evening shoes velvet, moiré, satin, and crêpe de Chine are represented in simple and elaborate styles. The black satin shoes shown on this page are beautifully cut, the strapped model being finished with a small paste buckle.

These charming black satin shoes come from Dolcis and would make useful gifts for the festive season

An Old Favourite

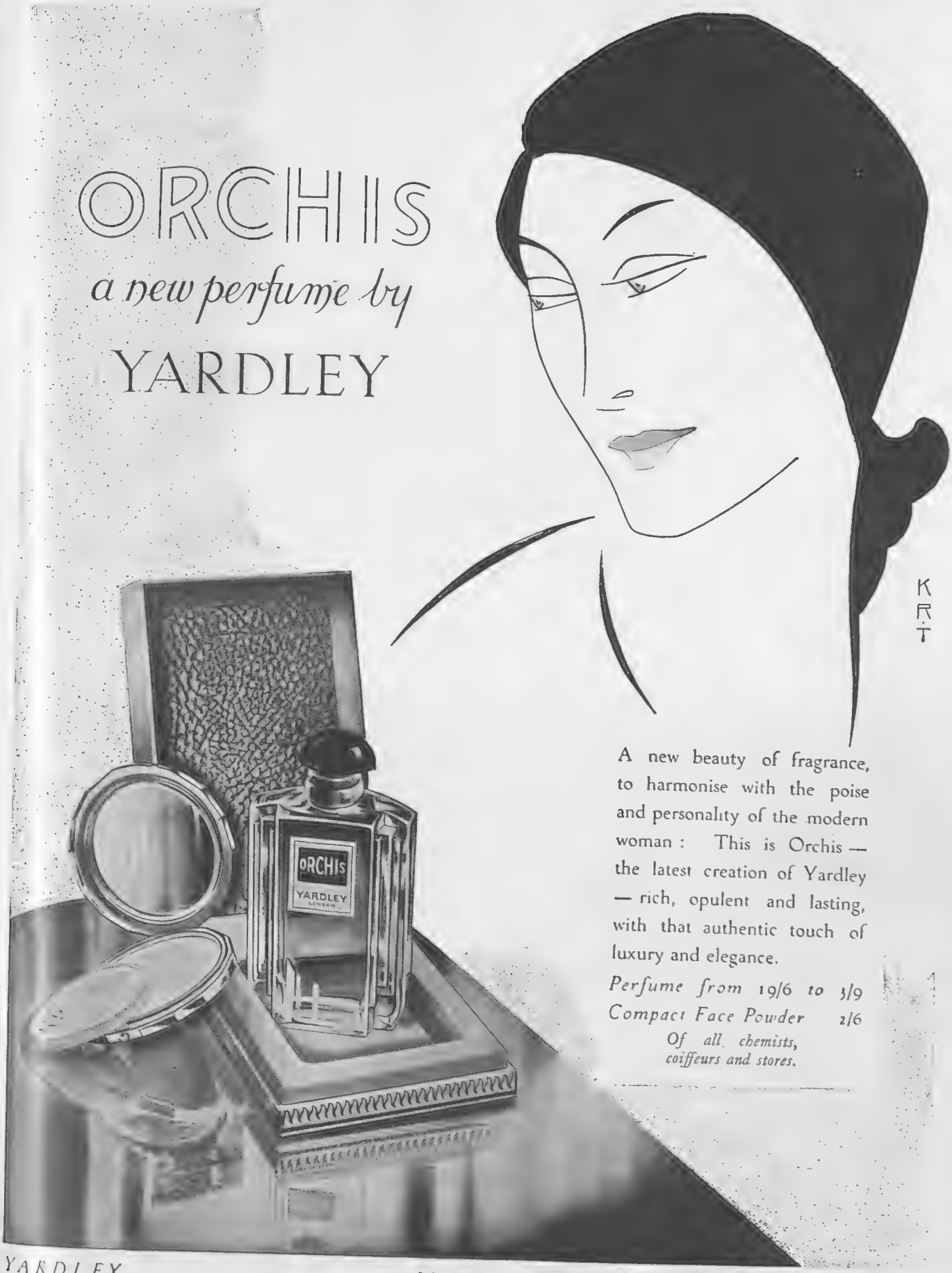
A Christmas gift that takes no time to choose, that involves no writing of letters, no packing, no bother of any kind—what a joy! Such a present is a seasonably decorated case containing either two, three, six, or twelve bottles of Johnnie Walker whisky, the giving of which entails only an order to the wine merchant. And there can be no question as to the reception it will get. Incidentally, no extra charge is made for the case.

Johnnie Walker Whisky is an old favourite whose advent is always welcome

Real Scotch Cakes

Things that come from over the Border invariably have a charm of their own. And of them all real Scotch shortbread is an easy winner. Few people can resist its delicate flavour and golden crispness. Galbraith's shortbread is delicious. Fresh from the oven, it is placed in sealed tins and sent to any address, and one may rest assured that it will arrive in good condition. The prices range from 4*s*. 4*d*. to 12*s*. 6*d*. Write to Galbraith, High Street, Ayr, for their interesting illustrated list of cakes and confectionery, which will gladly be sent post free

HAVAS
THE TOWN OF FLOWERS AND FASHIONABLE SPORTS.
COME TO CANNES
IN WINTER
Municipal
Casino
IN SUMMER
Palm Beach
Casino
The Most Sumptuous Casinos on the French Riviera
BLUE SKY :: FLOWERS :: EVER BLUE SEA
ALL SPORTS - HOTELS AND PALACES ALWAYS OPEN
Palm Beach Casino
SUNSHINE all the Year Round
MUNICIPAL CASINO
CANNES


ORCHIS
a new perfume by
YARDLEY

A new beauty of fragrance, to harmonise with the poise and personality of the modern woman: This is Orchis — the latest creation of Yardley — rich, opulent and lasting, with that authentic touch of luxury and elegance.
Perfume from 19/6 to 3/9
Compact Face Powder 2/6
Of all chemists, coiffeurs and stores.

YARDLEY
8 New Bond Street
LONDON

For more than three centuries Haig Whisky has been demanded by connoisseurs

Venerable Age

More than three centuries ago the Haig family began to make Scots whisky, and during the whole of that time Haig whisky has been distinguished by its uniform high quality and distinctive attributes. This year "Gold Label" and "Dimple" brands are put up in decorated containers. As attractive and inexpensive gifts these are assured of popularity. In addition, cases containing 2, 3, 6 and 12 bottles are on sale everywhere, as formerly.

For Comfort Lovers

What could be a more comforting and luxurious present than one of Foot's Rest Chairs? Illustrated on this page is the Burlington adjustable reclining model. The back can be lowered and raised to any angle by pressing a button, the sides can be opened outwards to provide easy access or exit, the leg-rest can be fixed at various degrees of inclination, when lowered it forms a foot-stool, and when not in use it slides under the seat. An extraordinarily wide range of specially designed rest chairs may be seen at J. Foot and Son's showrooms at 168, Great Portland Street, W.

The Burlington—a luxurious example of Foot's patent adjustable reclining chairs, which are the very acme of comfort

An Ingenious Device

At some time or other most people have suffered the discomfort caused by a cigarette end which has been left to smoulder. This in itself is bad enough, but the risk of fire and of scorched or burnt furniture makes it really serious. The No-Fume ash receiver banishes these dangers, for it is an ingenious invention which instantaneously smothers cigarette ends, cigar stumps, tobacco and used matches. Made in gay colours, imitation leather, indurite, or oxydised copper, in floor stand or hexagonal models, its bottom is heavily weighted, and it can be emptied and cleaned in a moment.

Electrical Gifts

Things electrical have the advantages of being up to date and practical, and it is therefore interesting to note that an attractive catalogue which will effectively help to solve the problem of Christmas presents has just been issued by Drake and Gorham, 36, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W., who will gladly send a copy free on request. In it are depicted electric lamps, toasters, curlers, irons, radio sets, and many attractive novelties, and it carries this well-known firm's guarantee and assurance that they will be pleased at all times to give gratuitous advice on selections to intending purchasers.

WHEN YOU TRAVEL

be sure to slip a tablet of Wright's Coal Tar Soap in your bag. It wards off infection and keeps the skin in a healthy condition. Wright's Coal Tar Soap is exceptionally soothing and emollient. Use it as soon as you arrive at the end of your journey and you will be refreshed—free from the fatigue of travelling.

Wright's Coal Tar Soap

6d. per tablet

QUICKLY!

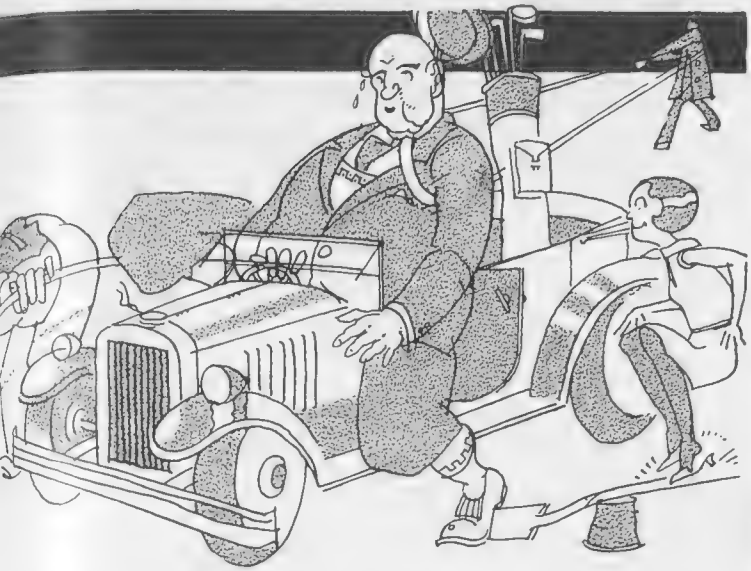
—or you may be too late

The Xmas Number is by far the most sumptuous, the most entertaining that we have ever produced.

Order your copy now.

"THE EMPEROR'S AIDE-DE-CAMP" *by Sir Philip Gibbs*
"LADIES" *by May Edginton*
"THE RED FLAG; IN THE WORKERS' PARADISE" *by F. Britten Austin*
"THE PRINCE CONSORT AS A CHILD" *by Hector Bolitho*
"TEXAS LOVE" *by Elsie Janis*
"MEI-LING" *by Lady Drummond Hay*
"SHANE OF THE SORROWFUL ISLANDS" *by Beatrice Grimshaw*
"PARISIANA" *by H. Pearl Adam*
"THE MURDERER" *by Lennox Kerr*
"WRITING TO LOIS" *by Barbara Hedworth*
"BLUFF, BOOST AND BUNKUM" *by Hannen Swaffer*
"FAMOUS WOMEN OF HISTORY, No. 20: HYPATIA" *described by Norman Hill, painted by F. Matania, R.I.*
"FOUR WEEKS AT DELHI IN THE DEVIL'S WIND" *by Lieut.-General Sir George Mac Munn*

BRITANNIA AND EVE New Style Magazine



"And after lots of shouts and groans They get dear papa in"

But seriously, ...

Life's misfits are so readily derided by all of us; yet could some of us see ourselves as others see us, we should consult the mirror more frequently—particularly in the matter of headwear.

When choosing your new hat, take advantage of the Battersby "fitting plan," where many styles, tones and fractional fittings provide the correct hat to suit each and every type of face and build. The hat that suits you to perfection is amongst the wide stock carried by Battersby agents, and in the all-important matter of choice a study of the comparative shapes stocked by all Battersby agents will assist you in accurately selecting your style.

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LONDON AND STOCKPORT.

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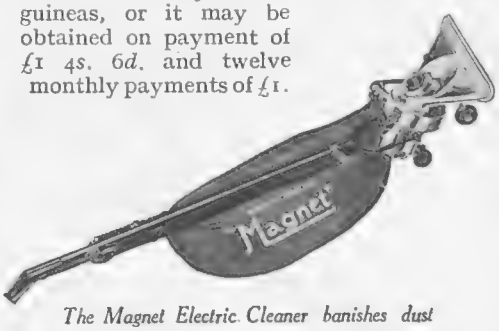
Yuletide celebrations and good spirits go together. What, then, could be a more acceptable present than a case of Red Hackle Scotch whisky? All you have to do is to send Hepburn and Ross the names and addresses of your friends and your card of greeting, which will be enclosed in the case, and the gift will be delivered in good time and condition. The price is 150*s.* for twelve bottles, 75*s.* for six bottles, and 37*s.* 6*d.* for three bottles, and if the first bottle is not appreciated the balance may be returned at the proprietors' expense, and your cheque will be refunded in full.

Electrical Appliances

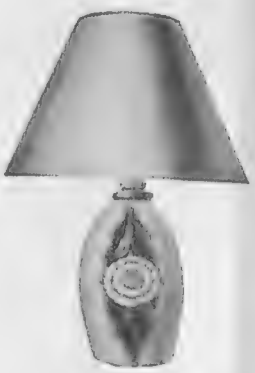
Something that will lighten the daily load of household drudgery—here is the ideal gift from a husband to his wife. The Magnet Electric Cleaner shown on this page is all English and can be used all day and every day without fear of breakdowns. It will remove every particle of dust without any effort, and costs only 12 guineas, or it may be obtained on payment of £1 4*s.* 6*d.* and twelve monthly payments of £1.



The Magnet Electric Cleaner banishes dust

Gifts for the Home

Every woman knows how useful house gifts are. At Hampton's showrooms in Pall Mall there is a wonderful collection of lampshades, cushions, and table runners in most distinctive designs and all the latest colourings. Illustrated on this page is a carved wood table lamp with a vellum effect shade. It costs 47*s.* 6*d.*, while hand-painted standard lampshades in transparent card cost only 39*s.* 6*d.* Then there are bronzed book-ends at 37*s.* 6*d.*, to say nothing of cushions at prices to suit all purses.



A carved wood table lamp from Hampton's

For Cocktails

Christmas without cocktails would not seem right, and so it behoves every good host to lay in a supply of Martini Italian Vermouth, from which the "Martini Cocktail" derives its name. It is obtainable at all wine merchants, and is an essential adjunct to the festive board.

A True Friend

Umbrellas are a popular Christmas gift, for in England one may always be sure that they will prove useful. When choosing one for a friend, see that it has a Fox frame. They have already served three generations of discerning women, and as each year passes, it serves to further increase their splendid reputation.

A Christmas Treat

Not only in order to add to the enjoyment of one's guests, but also as a precaution against illness and for use in all emergencies, Cognac Fromy stands supreme. It is a brandy which enjoys a wonderful reputation among connoisseurs.

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ARRANGEMENTS AT GROSVENOR HOUSE

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Finest Natural
SCOTCH WHISKY
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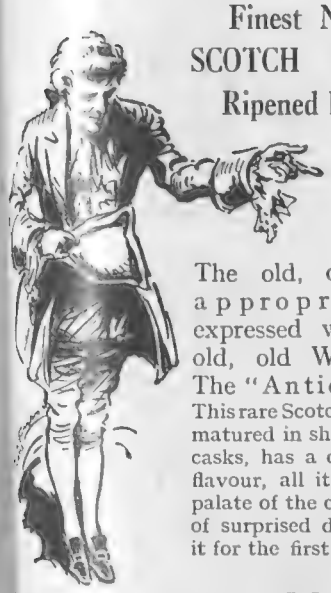

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AND GET THE BEST THIS XMAS.

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The Best Dance Band in the West End.

A Milwata weatherproof in oiled check silk. It is extremely light and smart

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For the woman who loves an outdoor life, it would be difficult to find any more acceptable present than a Milwata oiled silk coat, for it is absolutely waterproof, it weighs only six ounces, and it is extremely smart. Made in check and plaid designs, it costs 52*s.* 6*d.*, or in plain colours only 39*s.* 9*d.*, while children's models are available from one guinea.

Well-groomed Heads

Christmas is a happy time, but the round of festivities is apt to have a trying effect upon one's appearance. Naturally, every woman wants to have a well-groomed head—but Nature is not always kind. The Universal Hair Co., 1, Berners Street, W., undertake every description of ornamental hair work. For those whose tresses have reached an untidy length, there are attractive chignons from 15*s.* 9*d.*, while complete head-dresses, softly arranged at the back, cost only 8 guineas. A very interesting illustrated catalogue will gladly be sent free on request.

A beautiful head-dress from the Universal Hair Co. The loose waves are arranged softly at the back in a very youthful manner

Holiday Clothes

An ideal travelling coat is depicted on the right. It comes from Studd and Millington, 51, Conduit Street, and is made of flecked Scotch tweed, richly trimmed with opossum or nutria. Available from 12 guineas it is suitable for town or country wear.

Flecked Scotch tweed makes this useful travelling coat from Studd and Millington. It is enriched with opossum

There's no use talking—TASTE IT!

'Tis said that "it is not so much the gift as the greeting it conveys." True to a point, but what a greater meaning *good* whisky can convey! Every drop of Mackinlay's **M.L.** is 12 years old with a true and mellow Highland flavour about it—that is why there is need to say but little when your gift is **M.L.**—there's no use talking, give **M.L.**

Not quite as old but almost as good is Mackinlay's **V.O.B.** Both **M.L.** and **V.O.B.** are obtainable in 3, 6, or 12 bottle cases.

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FLYING NOTES

Is the GOVERNMENT IN A SPIN?

By Capt. C. E. Ward

Planet News

Lord Lovelace (right) and his pilot, Capt. C. D. Barnard, photographed at Heston Aerodrome before setting out on their flight to Tanganyika. The former will make a photographic survey of a territory never before surveyed

L.N.A.

Miss Winifred Spooner, who had a thrilling escape when the 'plane in which she and Flying Officer E. C. T. Edwards were flying to Cape Town crashed in the sea off the South of Italy. She swam two miles to get help, and her injured companion was rescued in safety

Wanted—A Leader

IT is not generally realised by the public that no appointment has been made to the post of Director of Civil Aviation, which is vacant through the untimely death of Sir Sefton Brancker more than two months ago. This is a serious matter, not only for departmental officials who must of necessity hold up important schemes pending the arrival of a new chief, but it concerns everyone in civil aviation. In the person of the late D.C.A. we had a counsellor and friend who dealt with all matters of policy both in and out of office; he advised the trade, the pilots, the clubs and the Government. Flying as a science and a business is still adolescent. The framing and the interpretation of regulations upon which so many lives depend need the guidance of someone who has grown up with the air sense. As these notes are post-dated owing to the imminence of Christmas, I may be forestalled, but it will be some satisfaction to have noted another sin of omission for which the present Government must be held responsible. The difficulty of finding an adequate successor to the "General" is no real excuse for delay. If gossip we must, and by way of a further hint to those in high places, may I record that the name of the favourite is the Master of Sempill.

The Defence of the Schneider Trophy

DIFFICULTIES as between France, Italy and ourselves over the Schneider Trophy contest to be held in the early part of September next year have been overcome, our principal contention that the deposit for each machine should be 200,000 francs having been upheld by the F.A.I. The course will be one of 50 kilometres, simultaneous starting will not be allowed, and the entrance list closes at the end of this year. Our plans for the defence of the Trophy do not exist, and it is high time that some definite decision is taken. The machines entered last year are available on loan from the Air Ministry at the price of insurance, but the real snag concerns pilots. Young men of 20 to 24 are needed for high speed work, and the necessary training can be obtained only within the Service, so that the very great majority of our experienced civil pilots are not qualified to compete in this most gruelling event.

An Affair of Honour

IT is impossible to enumerate in a paragraph or two the numerous considerations which are supposed to have influenced the Air Ministry to withdraw official support as regards pilots and general expenses, but at the bottom of it all is undoubtedly the attitude of Mr. Snowden. This country has won so few international sporting trophies of any kind in the last decade that those which we do possess for supreme speed on land, sea, and in the air would seem worth while defending. The amount of money required could not exceed £100,000 for bringing the old machines up to date and for every possible expense involved in tests, training, and publicity, and as the Government pleads poverty, one must consider the alternative of securing private finance. Apart from Lord Wakefield, who has done more than his share to support British aviation, there are at least five millionaire sportsmen interested in the progress of flying in one form or another who could form a syndicate to defend the Trophy, in the same way as the Americans organised the defence of the America Cup from the challenge of Sir Thomas Lipton's "Shamrock."

At Brooklands

THE School has arranged a course in Ground Engineering, and during the next few months the aerodrome is to be enlarged and new buildings will be erected. Rapid strides have been made by the Aero Club, whose membership is approximately 200, the majority of whom are ex-pupils of the school. The fact that some 200 hours' flying on one Moth has been carried out without the slightest damage speaks well for the careful training given by Captain Davis and his staff. All pilots are welcome at Brooklands, where no landing fees are charged, but visitors should make themselves aware of the regulations, as the aerodrome is now licensed for private use.

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Crêpe de Chine
SHOES

...765.—Crêpe-de-Chine. Stocked Japonese Red and Jeanne d'Arc. Postage 6d. **25/9**

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The date figure changes automatically at midnight.

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Other models: Willys Whippet 6-seater Saloon, £188; de luxe, £198. 20 h.p. Willys Knight Sleeve Valve Six Saloon, £375.

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ATTRACTIVE LACE DANCE FROCK OF FINE QUALITY IN TURQUOISE BLUE OR BLACK - - - - £7·18·0

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GIFTS OF DISTINCTION AND ELEGANCE FOR THE DISCRIMINATING PURCHASER ABOUND IN ALL OUR DEPARTMENTS.

Our Xmas Catalogue sent on application.

DOGS

SCENT and SIGHT

By LADY KITTY RITSON

THERE is a good deal of controversy as to whether dogs recognise people by sight or only by scent. I am perfectly convinced that dogs use their sense of smell as the deciding test, and that to begin with they recognise not only faces, but colours. I could give dozens of instances of this, but two will suffice. My dogs know the colour of the dress worn by certain members of my household, and Susie will rush across the road to sniff a lady wearing a blue dress with every appearance of excitement. On reaching her she will sniff and then walk away.

EVEN more remarkable is the fact that they seem to notice facial resemblance; there is a man who crosses the heath every morning who is very like my husband; in fact, so like in face is he that in the distance it is only because he wears brown and not blue that I can tell the difference.

On this occasion the colour of the clothes being different does not seem to affect Susie so much as the fact that he is like him in face. She will go as far as jumping up on him, and then, suddenly, she realises that the smell is wrong. I am pretty sure that they only use the sense of smell as a last resort.

No doubt this is owing to civilisation, and it is an interesting speculation whether, in time, they will lose their sense of smell to the same extent as we have.

WHEN teaching dogs to track it is often a great difficulty to get them to use their noses; they try to use their eyes, where a wild animal would be using its nose. I should not like to be too precise on the question of how much wild animals rely on their eyes, as I have done very little big-game shooting, but I know that wolves appear to rely on the scent line entirely. I should be very interested if anybody could send me their experiences on this subject.

NO doubt the luxurious life led by the average dog tends to blunt his senses. The husky, for instance, is far more alert and receptive than the elk-hound, the keeshond, or the Alsatian, although the latter, also the Samoyede, are all very closely related to him. Alsatians are intelligent, largely, I believe, because the average Alsatian owner expends such a vast amount of time on his dog's education that it is becoming almost an hereditary trait for it to be obedient and attentive. At the same time this intensive "obedience" training is apt to destroy initiative, and the Alsatian, although a shepherd dog, is not as good at unaided work as the working Scottish collie. For work, you must forget the show ring and breed for brains and stamina alone. I should like a dog that was the result of a mating between a working collie and a husky! Show breeders, don't shoot! My fingers are crossed.

Photopress

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is she who knows how best to preserve her good looks. It is not a costly matter. The ravages of winter can be combated by women of even moderate means. Consult me and you will be astonished at the results. A consultation costs nothing. One treatment at **12/6** will convince you that my exclusive method is right.

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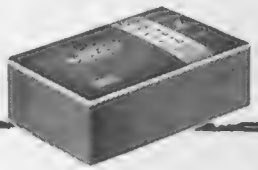

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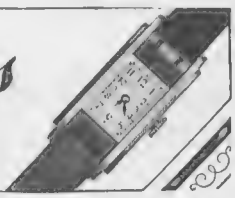

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"BREATHES THERE A MAN WITH SOUL SO DEAD"!!!

You know the story—the tag I mean!!

The poet probably had in mind the man — if there is such a person — who could fail to be impressed by the new and striking

ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY

The car of definite social standing—that outlasts any other car of its price, and that has the most impressive lines and snappy performance.

Aircraft quality and real stamina are built into it.

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Woodwright

THE GOURMET — By Emilia

Luncheon

Hors d'Œuvres.
(Saumon Fumé.)

Œufs à la Madras.

Escalopes de Veau au Madère.
Chou-fleur au Gratin.
Pomme de Terre Sautées.

Omelette au Rhum.

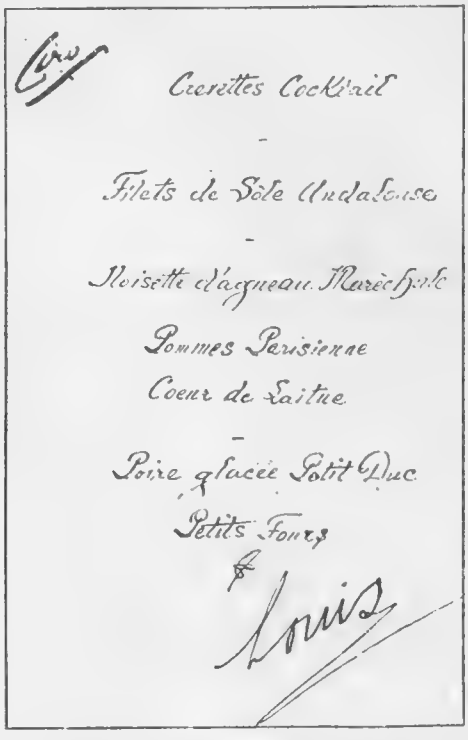
Café.

Hors d'Œuvre. Saumon Fumé

Cut some smoked salmon into very thin slices and garnish with capers and parsley.

Œufs à la Madras

Boil some eggs hard, peel them, and put them into cold water until wanted. Mince finely half a small peeled onion, and fry with a little fresh butter in a stewpan. Add a dessertspoonful of Madras curry powder, a finely minced sour apple, and three chopped Brazil nuts, or six sweet almonds. Mix 1 oz. of cornflour with a little milk, and stir into the above, then add about half a pint of milk, and allow to simmer gently for about fifteen minutes. Stir from time to time. If too thick, add a little white stock, or more milk. Cut the eggs in halves and lay them in the sauce to get thoroughly hot through. Season with salt and a little lemon-juice. Dish them up neatly in a rather deep dish, strain the sauce over them, garnish with small bread croûtons and lemon rings. Serve hot.



The menu of a Sunday night dinner served in the restaurant at Ciro's, where dancing takes place. It has been signed by Louis, the joint-manager of the restaurant

Escalopes de Veau au Madère

Procure a piece of the fillet of veal (the part under the loin is most tender), cut in slices, and beat them very thin with a cutlet bat, fry until a nice colour in a little butter, and, when the cutlets are sufficiently cooked, add some sauce à l'Italienne, and simmer all together for a few minutes.

Sauce à l'Italienne.—Simmer a lump of butter in a saucepan, with two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley, one tablespoonful each of chopped onion or shallot, minced mushroom, tomato, and a bay leaf. Add half a tumbler of white wine. When the sauce is reduced, add half a tumbler of tomato sauce and the same of stock or gravy. Simmer the cutlets in this for a few minutes. Dish up and serve.

Omelette au Rhum

Beat up four eggs with a tablespoonful of cream, a tiny pinch of salt, and a teaspoonful of castor sugar. Melt a piece of butter in a pan, pour in the mixture, and cook while stirring until it will not run in the pan, or till it begins to set. Then roll carefully and turn out on a hot dish, sprinkle well with powdered sugar, pour half a glass of rum round the sides of the pan, set it alight, and with a spoon pour the blazing liquor over the omelet as long as it will blaze, and then serve.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (*continued from page 623*)

pudding. It has very little ambition for itself." "A Tory is a man who is for some time on one side." I have taken these statements at random from Mr. H. Cecil Hunt's *Book of Howlers* (Lane: 1*s.* 6*d.*)—an entirely new selection, and the third for which he is responsible. I have a soft corner in my heart for the howler, even though I may have an uneasy suspicion that some are too good to be true. Mr. Hunt is an industrious collector, and I look on his book as the right kind of Christmas card.

So much, then, for presents, but I must add a word or two about a new novel which will certainly make many friends. *The Square Circle* (Hodder and Stoughton: 7*s.* 6*d.*) is by Mr. Denis Mackail, and it is written in Mr. Mackail's own very intimate style. It is a long book, perhaps too long, but you need not read it all at once. Briefly, it is the panorama of a London square, and you go with the author into every house in that square, and watch the quite ordinary people going about their ordinary businesses, eating and sleeping and quarrelling and falling in love. The children have parties, and the grown-ups have parties, and Mrs. Carpenter enjoys bad health all the time, and somehow the Davidsons manage to find money to spend, and some of the Squarites think themselves vastly important, and others really are important, and—well, if you have read any of Mr. Mackail's previous books you will know more or less what to expect.

I am not convinced that this, though it is certainly Mr. Mackail's most ambitious book, is his best. Too much has been sacrificed to the size of the canvas. But it is all very light-hearted and amusing and natural, and just the kind of jolly book for this time of year.

A LIBRARY LIST

A SEARCHLIGHT ON AMERICA. By James Truslow Adams. (Routledge: 12s. 6d.)

A serious book which makes very good reading. Are the Americans mere money-grubbers? What does their civilisation really stand for? Are they as bad as some of us think? More important, are they anything like as good as we like to think they think they are? What, too, about Prohibition and the breaking of the law? And those millionaires? And the kind of entertainment which they broadcast throughout the world? You may not agree all the time with Mr. Adams, but he seems to be a fairly trustworthy guide, and he knows how to make his chapters interesting. A very likeable book indeed.

THE LIFE OF RABELAIS. By Jean Plattard. (Routledge: 15s.)

Also a serious book: the work of one of Rabelais' editors, well translated. And so far from being a modern "romantic biography" as to seem at moments almost dully commonplace. But the author is keen to clear away the heap of legend that has grown round this truly extraordinary writer. Was he so naughty as we have been told? Was he a religious hypocrite? These are but two of the questions to which you may find what is almost certainly the right answer. And then, if you have not yet read Rabelais himself, you will understand that it is quite time you did so.

THE JOURNAL OF A JACKAROO. Told by Frank Hives and Written Down by Gascoigne Lumley. (Lane: 10s. 6d.)

And what, you may pertinently ask, is a Jackaroo? It is "an apprentice to the raising and dealing in cattle" in Australia—generally a youngster whose parents pay a small premium to have him taught. Hives as a young man went to Queensland, and had plenty of exciting and amusing adventures, which are here recorded lightheartedly enough. Kangaroos, aboriginals, snakes, close shaves: that kind of thing. A book for sportsmen.

PLAYS OUT OF TIME. By Harold Rubenstein. (Putnam: 7s. 6d.)

I ought to have mentioned this book before, for the three plays here printed are really extraordinarily good to read. Very far from being the usual smart comedy that people will rush to see, but precisely the kind of unusual dramas which leave you wondering why in the countries which take the stage seriously his name is not yet a household word. I do not say that it is everybody's book: on the contrary, quite a number of people may be left a little bewildered; but for those who ask for something rather different from the usual printed play, here is a book they will treasure. R. S.

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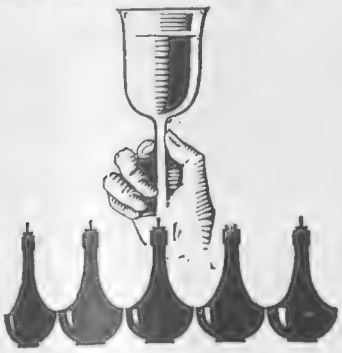

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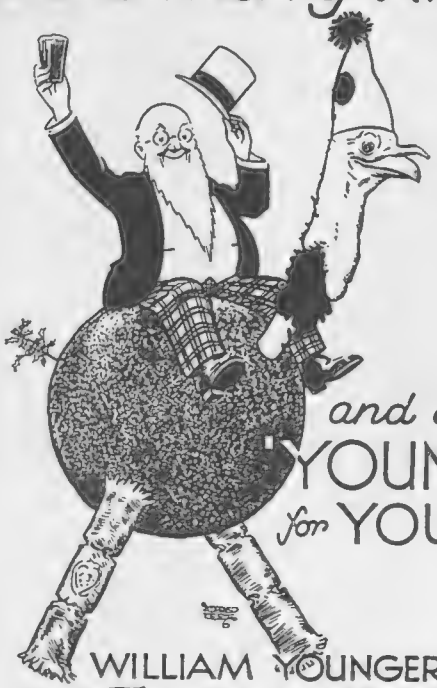

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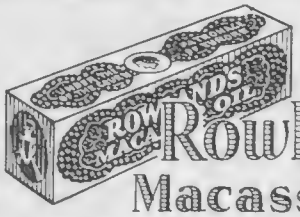

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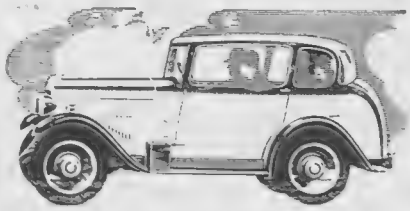

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane, the President of the New Health Society, the General Secretary, and other members at the Oxo factory, 16, Southwark Bridge Road, S.E. They are seen sampling a cup of the finished article during a tour of inspection

An Aid to Health

A very useful Christmas present for young or old are Thermega electric heating blankets and pads, which, we believe, were used by the King during his illness. By a simple attachment to an electric light or plug in the floor the flex, at a cost of not more than a farthing an hour, heats the blanket or pad, as may be, to a regular heat, and provides warmth and comfort in the coldest weather as well as banishing dampness in the humid tropics. The use of them is simplicity itself, for when the blanket is heated to the temperature of 120° the thermostat control retains it at that temperature, and if the plug is taken out it still gives out warmth for many hours. The pads are in two qualities, one a three-heat model at 33s., and the one-heat model at 21s., and these are invaluable for sufferers from rheumatism, lumbago, or any ailment where warmth applied to parts of the body is essential. The price of a blanket with 8 feet of flex is three guineas. It might be mentioned that these really valuable gifts are made by disabled ex-Service men, so that, incidentally, the purchasers are assisting a valuable charity.

Making Travel Easy

It will be of considerable advantage to our readers who are going to the Riviera for any length of time, and carry a large amount of baggage, to use the services of a travel agency. We can cordially recommend the Clark Tourist Company, Ltd., Juan-les-Pins, who have branches at Nice and also at St. Jean de Luz. This agency, which is run by Englishmen, arrange all steamship, rail and air bookings, hotel reservations, rent villas, all without charge. They also collect, forward and deliver all the baggage of their clients, and they arrange for hiring of cars or automobile excursions in every part of the Riviera. Personal service, with reliability, is given by the Clark Tourist Company, as we can personally testify.

For Hunting Folk

A publication which has recently appeared and which will prove of great interest and value to all hunting folk is "The Foxhunter's Year Book, 1930-31," recently published by the May Fair Press, 3/5, Burlington Gardens, W.1, at 15s. nett. It contains details of every hunt with a miniature map of the country covered facing the details, hunt officials, details of hunt uniforms, particulars of subscriptions, meets and adjacent hunts, together with a short description of the country covered by every hunt. The book is enriched by numerous coloured plates.

A little hospital patient being provided with a "Thermega" electric heating blanket. Blankets cost £3 3s., including cover and 8 ft. of flex. Blankets and pads are manufactured by Thermega, Ltd., 51-53, Victoria Street, W.1

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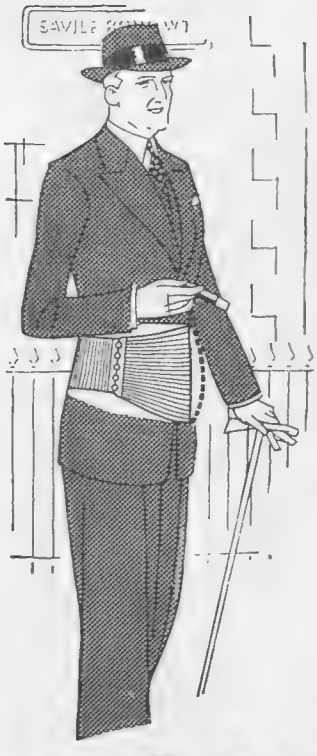

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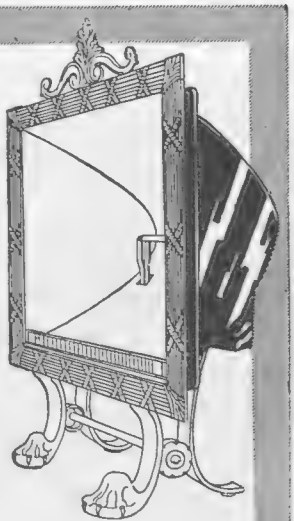

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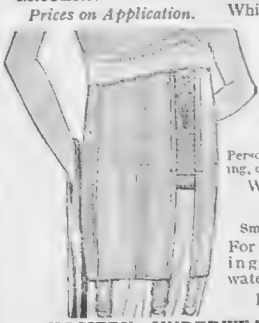

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